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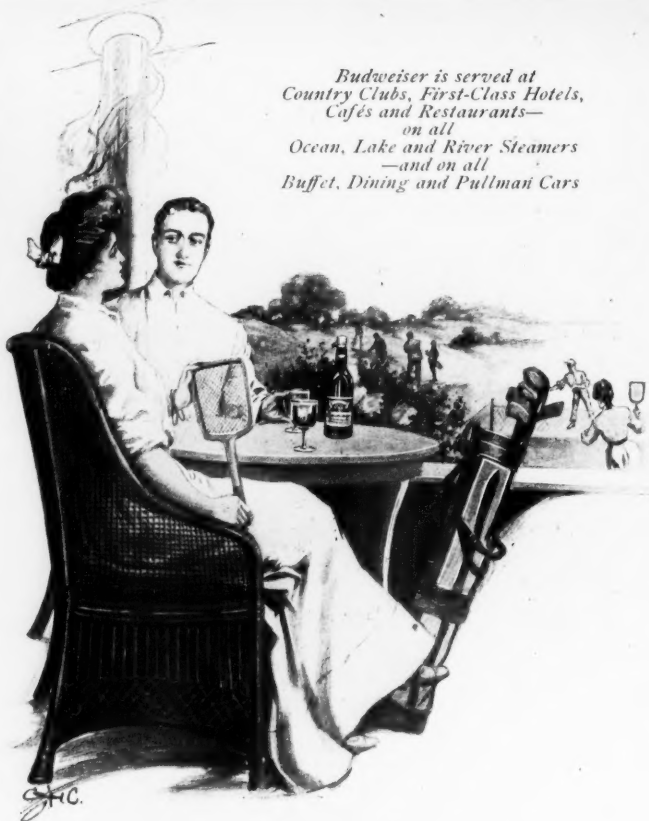
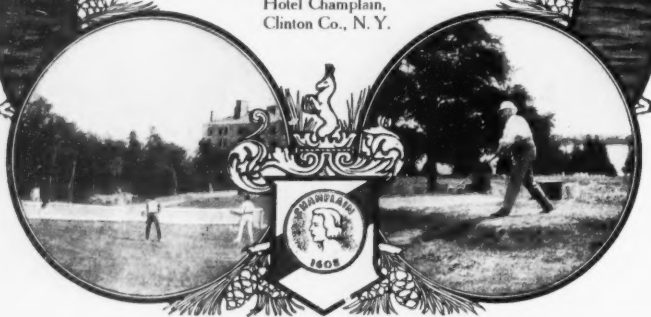
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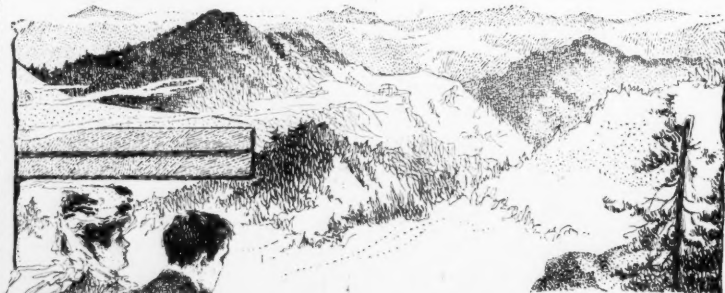
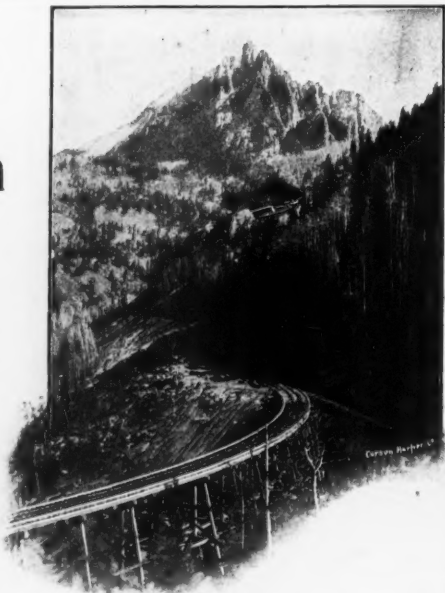
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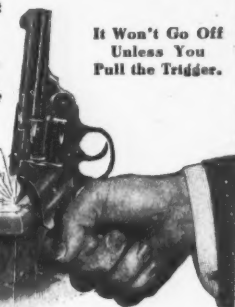
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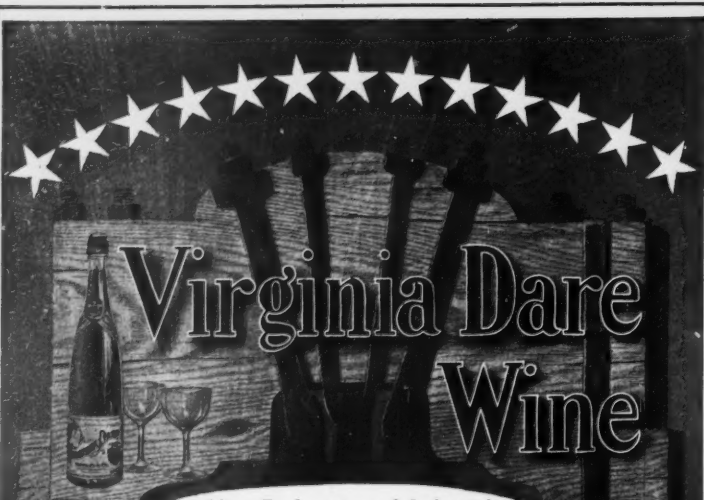
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# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



SOME SEASIDE EXPRESSIONS

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

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**M**ONEY TALKS. Sometimes its eloquence almost drowns whatever still small voices may be pleading for the floor. Honestly, between ourselves, we sometimes weary of its conversation. Money is exciting, but it occasionally seems almost to have the star rôle, with other interests nowhere. JOHN D.'s notable exploit with the great American college fraternity was a relief, for it enabled us to laugh. "So," said he, "you criticised the Congregationalists for accepting my \$100,000, did you? Well, I'll buy the whole of you. Miss TARBELL and MARK HANNA say I'm money-mad? What do you think of \$10,000,000? I'll invest that in Collegiate silence and Celestial dividends. HADLEY is the boy that suggested social ostracism for such as me. LET US BARK that suggested social ostracism for such as me. A special million for Yale ought to make him about as tactful in the future as President HARPER, or any other good, wise educator that knows his business." T. ROOSEVELT, of Harvard, was barking also, just before those \$10,000,000 appeared upon the scene. Perhaps some conspicuous scion of that noble university now clamors for attention long enough to make a speech on the habits and duties of famous financiers. As for us, we can do nothing to stem the tide, but you will kindly let us sulk. Moreover, we believe that the universities would do well to cavil a trifle longer, for rather than not acquire a restful silence Mr. ROCKEFELLER would come out with a hundred million. So why not get as large a graft out of his predicament as we can?

**P**RESIDENT ROOSEVELT delivered before the MORTON and LOOMIS episodes the following: "Put some of the packers in jail if there is any way by which you can prove they have violated and are violating the law. . . . Show them no mercy. They have had no mercy on the people, and they are entitled to no more consideration than any other lawbreaker. They have not obeyed the law as enunciated by Judge GROSSCUP." The poor packers are now under indictment, for they have no friends in office. The Equitable Insurance Company is supposed to have a powerful ally in politics. The following questions are among those which have been fairly asked: 1. What sums have been annually expended at Albany by the society during the last half century? 2. How much appears as having been charged up for payments to State insurance officials? 3. What sums have been each year paid to lawyers practicing in the Albany lobby, or before legislative committees? 4. How much money has been each year paid to aid one or the other of political organizations in New York State and municipal elections? 5. What were the contributions by the society in the Presidential campaigns of 1896, 1900 and 1904, and to whom was the money paid? We hope Mrs. HYDE, as well as her son, Mr. DEPEW, Mr. HILL, and anybody else whose presents from the public can be reduced to figures, may be forced to disgorge. The spectacle of money being refunded, although not as salutary as some kinds of retribution, will do its share toward suggesting self-restraint in the accumulation of bank accounts.

**W**ONDERFUL ADVENTURES in the Black Sea, worthy in every way, while they lasted, of ANTHONY HOPE or even of DUMAS, were but symptoms of the same disease that has been uncovered by the Japanese, by strikes and petitions, and by the discontent of Russia's foremost thinkers. When GORKY hopes the war will last, we all comprehend readily what he means. When a battleship can have the story of the *Potemkin*, the explanation is as clear. Russia's Government is rotten, but, like the Equitable, Russia herself is safe. Her population, according to the latest census, is made up of 96,914,644 peasants, 13,586,392 burghers, 1,220,169 hereditary noblemen, 630,119 personal noblemen and officials, 588,497 ecclesiastics, 342,927 hereditary and personal honorary citizens, 281,179 merchants, and 605,500 foreigners. In spite of the talk about conquered races, this census shows that of the 125,000,000 about 84,000,000 are purely Russian. Among the forty-six other races are: Poles, 7,931,307; Jews, 5,063,156; Kirgeeses and Kassaks, 4,084,139; Tatars, 3,737,627; Germans, 1,790,489; Bashkirs and Tegtjares, 1,438,136; Georgians, Imeretians and Mingrels, 1,336,448; Lettonians, 1,435,937; Lithuanians, 1,210,510; Armenians, 1,173,086; Moldavians and Roumanians, 1,121,669; Morduates, 1,023,841; Esthonians, 1,002,738; Greeks, 186,925; Bohemians, 50,385; Turks, 208,822; Turkomans, 281,357. "Of those wanderers, the Kurds and Ossets,

who have been going back and forth across the frontier since before the time of Xenophon, there are 271,665." Clearly the Russian peasant and burgher are the foundation of the nation, and that foundation is sound. When the present troubles are over, Russia will proceed more rapidly than ever toward the greatness which is surely to be hers. "The Slav peril" has been allayed, but the Slav genius is in its infancy. It has given us the greatest literature of our day, and nothing in the future seems more assured than that it will add vastly both to the world's material prosperity and to the world's moral intelligence and strength.

**J**APAN WILL PAY something for the progress which she has made. How much, who knows? "We have been taught," says Mr. OKAKURA, "to prostrate ourselves even to a vase of flowers, before examining the beauty of its arrangement." Will that reverence and taste remain? The young Japanese who, in large numbers, have been acting as cooks, butlers, or valets in this country, while studying at our universities, have done their work superbly, and waved away gracefully any attempt of their employers to make the labor easier. They indeed know the dignity of doing any undertaken task as it should be done. Mr. OKAKURA, writing in the "International Quarterly," thinks he sees a slipping away already from loyalty to the harmonious, beautiful, and right, toward display and the cold-blooded, profitable hand of the machine. "To the advocates of the wholesale westernization of Japan, Eastern civilization seems a lower development compared to the Western." If Baron KANEKO represents that class, Mr. OKAKURA represents the Conservatives, who dread occidentalization, industrialism, commerce, and imperial expansion. To them what goes into war is just so far a drain on the nation's resources and intellect. Resources of the mind and soul will not produce or feel beauty when the best energy is bent toward framing and applying constitutional government, perfecting machinery, extending trade, or training armies. Danger threatens that "conception of the harmony of life," which is "as precious as the scientific spirit and the organizing ability of the West." The time is coming when the "concentrated poems" of Japanese art will be no longer felt. To these saddened observers the best hope is in a reaction. Their most encouraging belief is that two generations can not change the national traits of twenty centuries.

**T**O THE GREAT GERMAN historian MOMMSEN, CÆSAR stood for the highest type of statesman, and yet he saw in the history of CÆSAR and of Roman imperialism, with all the master-worker's unsurpassed greatness, a bitterer censure of modern autocracy than could be penned by the hand of man. According to that law of nature, MOMMSEN argues, by which the smallest living organism is infinitely superior to the best machine, so every system of government which lives in the will of its citizens surpasses infinitely the most brilliant and humane rule by one or few. The one is life, the other death. Congressman MCCALL of Massachusetts, although a Republican, represents this foundation principle of Democracy as consistently as any member of the party headed by REACTION THOMAS JEFFERSON. Speaking in Louisiana a few weeks ago, he praised the South for fidelity to the principle that the best government is the one which governs least, and that liberty includes the protection of the individual from encroachment by the central power. "This idea," he said, "was never more vital than to-day, and by remaining faithful to it the South will render an inestimable service to the country, and, indeed, will safeguard what is most valuable in American liberty." A slight reaction has clearly set in toward Liberalism in England, and there are signs that this country may react from too much regulation of things in general by the central government.

**P**RIDE IN ONE'S PROFESSION is a large satisfaction for any worker, and in no occupation is a decent pride more natural than in medicine.

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun  
Views from thy hand no noble action done."

The addresses of Dr. KEEN, the famous Philadelphia surgeon, which have just been published, overflow with this feeling for

A GRACEFUL  
LAMENT

VIVIS

THE M  
STAND





#### TRIUMPHS OF MEDICINE

the moral elevation and humane accomplishment of his profession. The nineteenth century saw the discovery of anæsthetics and antiseptics, and the creation of the science of bacteriology, and why should not the twentieth vanquish cholera, consumption, typhoid, cancer, scarlet fever, and many another source of death and pain? "I would rather," says Dr. KEEN, "be the discoverer of anæsthesia than have won an Austerlitz or a Waterloo!" He looks to a day when only accident or old age shall be the source of death. Once smallpox was so terrible a scourge that 2,000,000 people died of it in the Russian Empire in a single year; in England a person without pock-marks was so rare that the absence of them was specified to identify a certain counterfeiter; and MACAULAY said this scourge was ever present, turning the babe into a changeling at which the mother shuddered, and making the eyes and cheeks of the betrothed maiden objects of horror to her lover. Is it a wonder that Dr. KEEN prefers the battles of a profession which wins such victories to those of a trade in which the victors march among rigid corpses, in desolate plains, accompanied by the vulture, the bat, and silence?

THE OUTCRY AGAINST CRUELTY to animals is part of humanity, and physicians shrink like any other group of civilized men from inflicting suffering that is wanton. But they know what they mean by cruel. Dr. KEEN speaks of the violent denunciation of the Kishineff massacres, in which the slain and the injured were said to number nearly one thousand. Where is the indignation, he inquires, "at the fifty thousand massacred by typhoid in the United States in a year, or the one hundred and fifty thousand by tuberculosis? Once the dissection of the dead human body was a crime. Now five thousand are dissected in a year in Paris. But some of the needed knowledge can be secured only from the living. In India alone twenty thousand human beings were dying annually from snake-bite a few years ago, and the intelligent search for an antidote would have been impossible without accurate knowledge of the poison's effects, which could be acquired only by experiment on animals. The fight against consumption is waged in a similar manner. What PASTEUR accomplished for hydrophobia everybody knows. The progress in controlling diphtheria has been inseparable from experiment on animals. In brain surgery nine-tenths of our knowledge has been derived by that method. Dr. KEEN says that even animals gain, in the better treatment of their diseases, more than they suffer, and the gain for man is beyond estimate. Of indiscriminate experiments by untrained students he would disapprove, but they do not exist. In a great majority of cases of vivisection the animals are unconscious."

#### THE MINISTER'S STANDPOINT

MANY REPLIES have been offered to the laboring man who, in our columns, requested some minister to furnish him with reasons for giving up his too short home freedom in order to spend an hour or two in church. Some merely contend that there is time enough, and thus avoid the real difficulty, but many meet the issue squarely. The most generally enforced point is that our workingman assumed that going to church meant listening to a minister talk, whereas the sermon is an incident and worship is the purpose. The minister does not pretend to be an extraordinary force alone. He only co-operates with the spiritual forces which he finds. A number of our reverend correspondents challenge with pith and directness the idea that a clergyman is to be judged by the success with which he meets the competition of other interests. Their arguments are not for their own personal contributions, but for co-operation in the religious spiritual life. "The question," as one minister puts it, "hinges entirely on the truth and importance of religion. If the Church is a mere society for promotion of social and moral ends in life—if it is no more than a place for pastime, entertainment, education, and culture—then your friend is right. If, on the other hand, God is God, JESUS CHRIST is the Son of God, the Bible is the true Revelation of God, who has reserved one day out of seven for worship and not for odds and ends at home—if man has an immortal soul, and there is a future abode where only those who have spiritual life in this world can go—then your

friend is wrong. In other words, if he is losing his soul eternally in order that he may temporarily mend the teapot, play the 'fiddle,' and nurse the baby, he is making a bad bargain."

#### ANOTHER MINISTER QUOTES POPE'S lines:

"'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

He then proceeds: "If one wishes to catch the train he must start in time. If he trusts in his own watch, and that is slow, he will 'get left.' And that because there is a standard of time, and it is not his watch, nor yours, nor mine, but the clock of the stars, which is never fast or slow. So there is a standard of truth; it is not your mind or mine, but God's Word—the Bible. And as the telegraph announces the hour of noon (at Washington) all over the land, and the clocks and watches in every office are set to agree with the standard, so we ministers preach the Word of God and bid men regulate their thinking by that, and not by us." There is much censure for the worldliness of our times, the eager chase for wealth, and neglect of the spiritual side. One minister draws an analogy to an illiterate person who should persistently refuse to learn to read because of many duties and pleasures at home, to which he was more devoted than attending a night-school. "Evidently he would be cutting himself off from a line of intellectual development, difficult and meaningless to him at first, but fraught with immense advantages if persistently followed." Another aspect is brought out in the argument that the very existence of the Church is involved. "Those who are prepared to say that pagan is better than Christian civilization act consistently when they neglect the institution that confessedly underlies the best civilization of Christendom, but if our Christian civilization is to be maintained every man who stands for the best things must give his support to the institution upon which that civilization is founded."

CONTINUING  
THE SUBJECT

WHAT WOMEN LIKE IN MEN has been discussed by various of our readers, primarily regarding fiction and its heroes, but with reference also to real life. One warns us not to confuse the attractions of romance with the qualities which attract in living beings. Speaking of GEORGE ELIOT'S "Romola" she says: "In real life I believe a man like Tito would attract a girl on account of his superficial qualities, while in the book the strength of the author has shown them up in such a true light that a girl of sixteen could not fail to see the danger signal and take to cover." In novels, strength is always requisite in the hero, and weakness can not be redeemed by head or heart. No Dobbin for her. This lady, who hails from Texas, thinks William Ashe "deserves all he got." When she was fourteen the hero of "The First Violin" disturbed her fluttering heart. To her, as to many of her sex, SCOTT is obnoxious, partly on account of the kind of woman he preferred. On her favorable list are Adam Bede, Monsieur Beaucaire, Peter Sterling, John Storm, John Halifax, Colonel Newcome, The Little Minister, John Alden, Jacob in "Lady Rose's Daughter," Tom of "The Mill on the Floss," and the hero of "To Have and to Hold." Such men as David Copperfield, Richard Carvel, and Hugh Wynne have little interest for our Texas beauty, and the Egoist, Charley Steele, and Alec D'Urberville represent her view of the repellant. A girl from Missouri, who is all for strength, as are most of our lady correspondents, is strong for Felix Holt, with the same author's Doctor Lydgate standing high. Rochester is strong all along the line, although one dame thinks his power is too crass and mixed too freely with the cruel. Such reservations bother not her for whom Petruchio reaches the highest mark of male attractiveness. Gentle men, she thinks, women love "as we love month-old babies—Colonel Newcome and Clive, for instance." "The Virginian" for her. "Isn't it with a strong desire to stand in Molly's shoes that we turn to the beginning of the book and read it again?" She doesn't object to Rob Roy, among SCOTT'S heroes, and in GEORGE ELIOT Felix Holt would pass if he used a comb and necktie. Caleb, in HAGGARD'S "Pearl Maiden," she would have seized upon three days after finding him. But our discussion of this important topic is by no means ended.

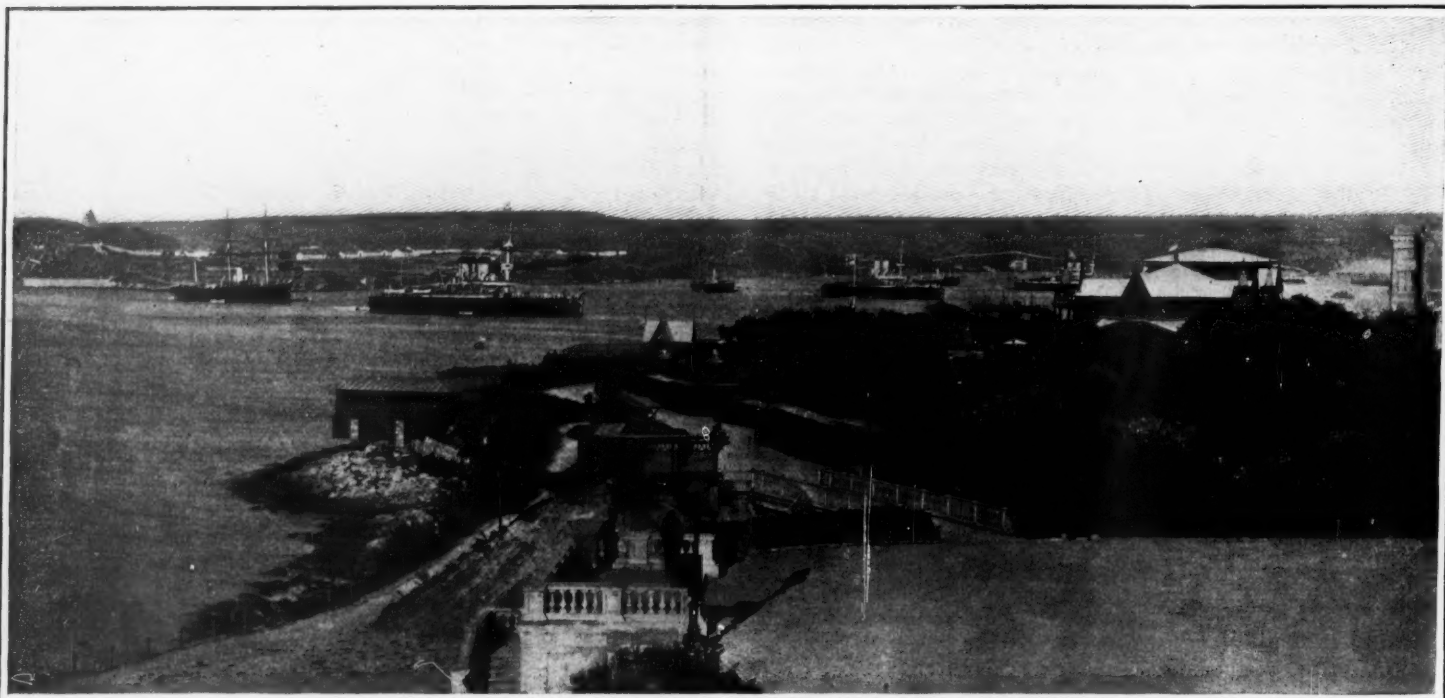
# THE MUTINY IN THE BLACK SEA

Among the most dramatic and sensational developments of the Russian internal situation was the revolt on June 28 of the crew of the battleship "Kniaz Potemkin Tavritchesky." The warship steamed into Odessa harbor and threatened to bombard the city if the authorities attempted to interfere with the funeral of the sailor on account of whose death the mutiny is alleged to have begun. Disorder immediately prevailed in the city; strikers erected barricades and set fire to warehouses and shipping on the water front. The mutineers also fired several shells into the town, killing a number of soldiers

CATHERINE II

GEORGI POBEDONOSETZ

SINOPE



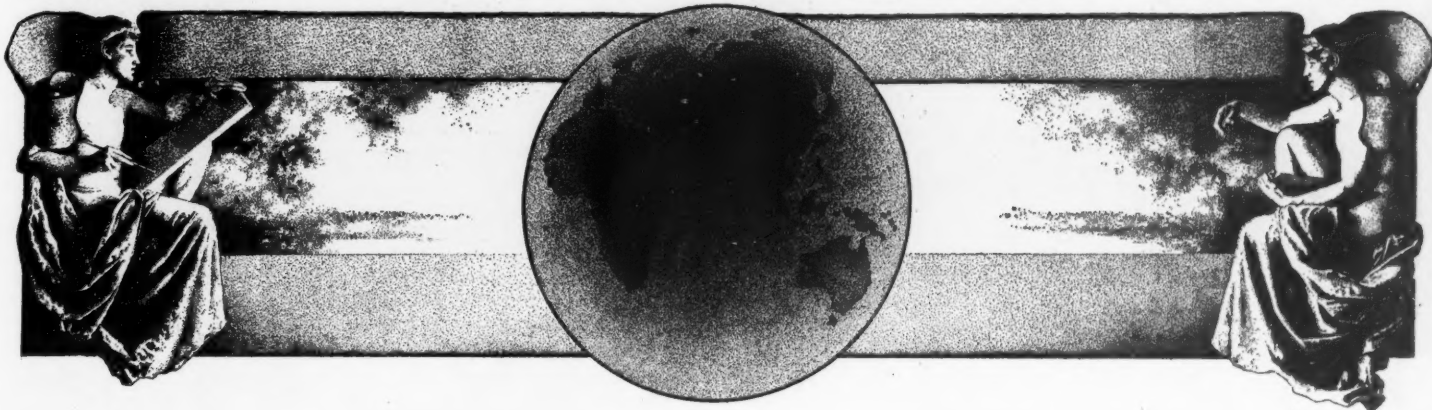
THE RUSSIAN BLACK SEA FLEET IN THE HARBOR OF SEBASTOPOL, SHOWING THE "GEORGI POBEDONOSETZ," WHICH ATTEMPTED TO JOIN THE MUTINEERS



GIANT STAIRWAY LEADING UP FROM THE WATER FRONT, ODESSA. IN THE SQUARE AT THE TOP OF THE ASCENT STANDS THE RICHELIEU MONUMENT. A GUARD OF COSSACKS STATIONED HERE WAS FIRED ON BY THE MUTINEERS OF THE "KNIAZ POTEKIN"; FOUR WERE KILLED AND TWENTY WOUNDED



# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



## THE RATTLING OF THE LID

THE CAREER of the errant battleship *Kniaz Potemkin*, under command of its well-meaning but hopelessly befuddled "citizens' committee," might be amusing were it not for the gravity of the situation. But a great empire was humiliated when the mutineers put ashore fourteen women who had formed part of the complement of its naval forces, and the pitiful weakness of the St. Petersburg government was revealed when on June 30 the last effective remnant of its fleets, the nine or ten ships commanded by Admiral Kruger, took shelter in Sebastopol from the guns of a handful of outlawed sailors, who have sent out to the world this proclamation:

"From the crew of the battleship *Kniaz Potemkin* to the foreign powers:

"A decisive struggle against the Russian Government has begun. We hereby inform all foreign powers of it. We consider it our duty to declare that we will give a complete guarantee of inviolability to foreign warships navigating the Black Sea, and to the foreign ports of that sea."

Events such as this, the continued rioting and slaughter in Odessa, Warsaw, and other cities, the refusal of troops in Cronstadt to fire on strikers, the burning of houses in the Czar's own town of Tsarskoe-Selo by the rebellious reservists recently called to the colors, the threats of the Zemstvoists, and the likelihood that the army, under the lead of the garrison of St. Petersburg, will soon demand political rights, show that the lid is growing very hot under the Russian bureaucracy.

## PEACE NEGOTIATIONS

THESE INCREASING internal disturbances have undoubtedly made Russia more ready to treat for peace with Japan. On July 2, President Roosevelt announced that the belligerents had appointed commissioners with plenary powers to negotiate and conclude a treaty. Russia names Baron de Rosen, her Ambassador at Washington, and M. Muravieff, formerly Minister of Justice, and now Ambassador to Italy. Japan has chosen Mr. Takahira, her Minister at Washington, and Baron Komura, Minister of Foreign Affairs. The commissioners will meet in Washington for organiza-

The stirring of revolt against the Russian bureaucracy is made plainer by the disorders in the army and navy. Our Government prosecutes beef-packers individually, and beef-carriers corporately. The Hendricks report may bring directors and officers of the Equitable before the Grand Jury. The body of John Paul Jones is the centre of a display of international good-will

with Japan for an armistice, the latter, naturally enough, considering the favorable position occupied by her armies and her well-founded distrust of Russian good faith, was slow in replying.

## THE TROUBLES OF PACKERS

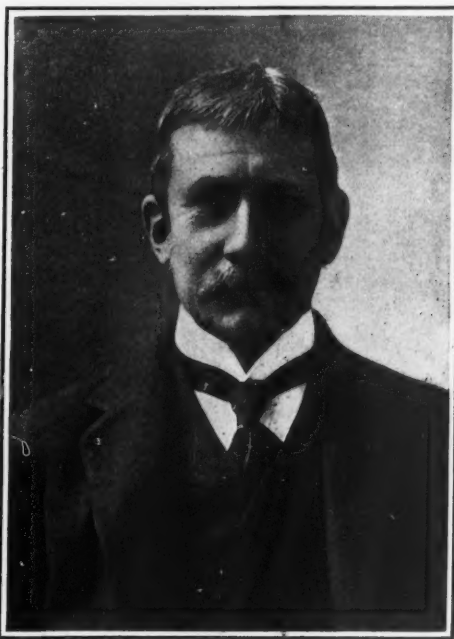
RUSSIA IS NOT ALONE in her demoralization. On July 1, the Federal grand jury, which has been conducting an investigation of the "Beef Trust" for three months,

returned indictments for conspiracy in restraint of trade against four corporations and thirty-five individual packers who compose them, including Mr. J. Ogden Armour and Mr. Louis F. Swift. The law provides a fine not exceeding \$5,000, imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both, as a penalty for this crime. It is needless to say that the indicted corporations will not suffer imprisonment even if convicted, and it is too early to indulge in prophecy about their managers.

The Attorney-General has begun contempt proceedings against the Santa Fe for the Colorado Fuel and Iron rebate case, and though holding that the guilt was wholly impersonal, has found it necessary to cite the officers of the company to show cause why it—not they—should not be punished. Mr. Moody is an able lawyer, and his distinction between the personal liability of corporation officials who pack beef and those who transport it is doubtless good law, however much it may puzzle the lay mind.

## MR. MORTON AND THE EQUITABLE

MR. MORTON AS A practical reformer continued to justify the good opinion which his friends hold of his abilities in that line. Besides accepting the resignations of twenty-one directors in the company, he continued lopping off unearned increments, including the \$20,000 retainer of the genial Senator from New York. As a result of the sensational Hendricks report came the rumor that District Attorney Jerome would take the cases of the directors and officers most implicated to the grand jury for criminal prosecution, a rumor which aroused uneasiness in Wall Street and an unholy joy in newspaper offices.

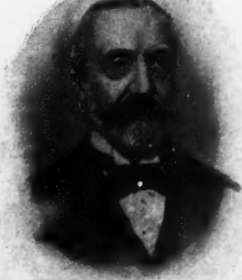


ELIHU ROOT  
Secretary of State

tion as soon as possible, probably about August 1, and then adjourn to some more comfortable region for their deliberations. Actual peace is still unaccomplished, the armies in Manchuria continue their preparations for another great struggle, and though Russia at last consented to treat directly



N. V. MURAVIEFF  
Russian Ambassador to Italy



BARON DE ROSEN  
Russian Ambassador to the United States

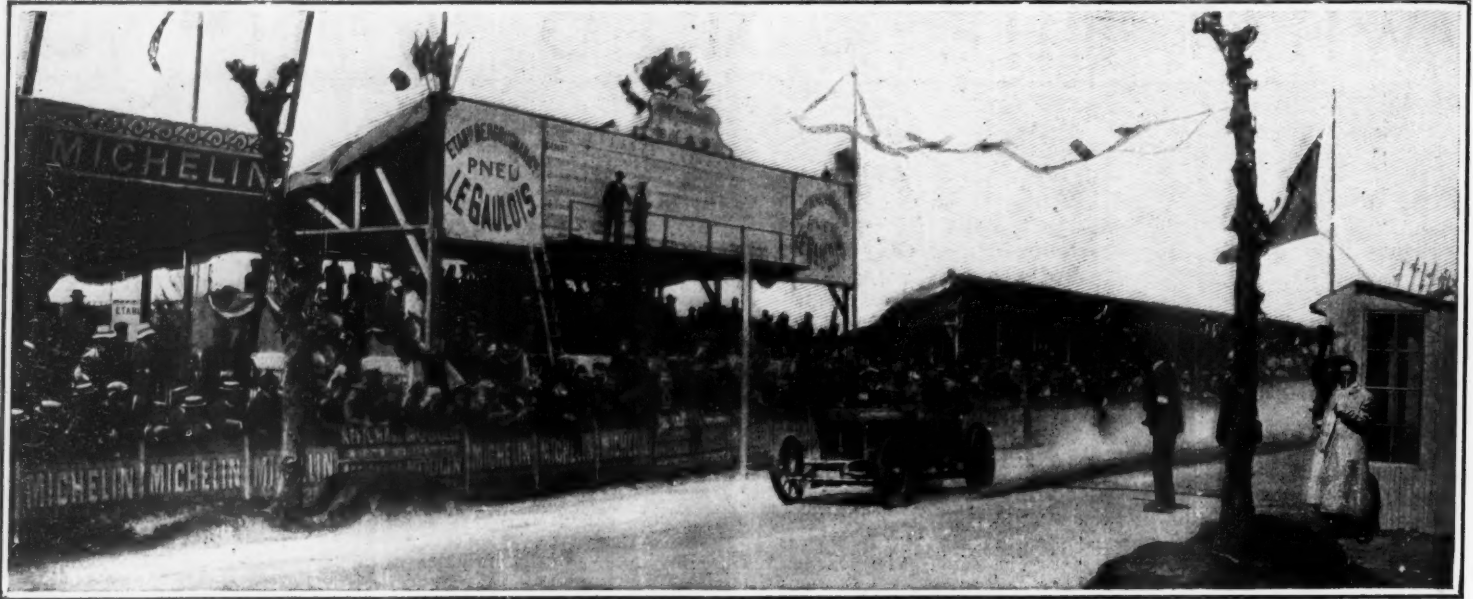


BARON KOMURA  
Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs



KOGORO TAKAHIRA  
Japanese Minister to the United States

THE RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE PEACE COMMISSIONERS, ABOUT TO MEET IN WASHINGTON FOR THE PURPOSE OF ARRANGING TERMS TO END THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST



THE INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE RACE FOR THE BENNETT CUP, JULY 5. OVER THE AUVERGNE COURSE IN FRANCE

Théry, the winner, passing the Grand Stand at the finish at Lescamps. In the final contest he covered the course of 341 miles in 7 hours and 10 minutes, in a 96-horsepower car. Théry is a Frenchman, and also won the event last year. The three American contestants retired before the end of the race. The course was well guarded by troops, and no accidents occurred to competitors or spectators, of which there were several thousand.

#### AMERICA IN SPORT

THE ANNUAL AUTOMOBILE RACE for the Bennett Cup was run over the Auvergne course on July 5, and was won by Théry of the French team, who averaged 48 miles per hour for the 341 miles. Italy took second and third places, France the fourth, and England the fifth. Two of the three Americans entered withdrew early in the race.

At Henley the Vesper eight of Philadelphia was defeated in the second heat for the Grand Challenge Cup by Leander in the fast time of 7 minutes 1 second. The Americans rowed in perfect form and were beaten by a length, largely, it appears, by the superior power and stamina of their opponents.

The defeat of the American men entered in the All-England tennis championships is atoned for by Miss May Sutton of California, whose brilliant play has made her the heroine of the year in English tennis, and brought the woman's cup to this country.

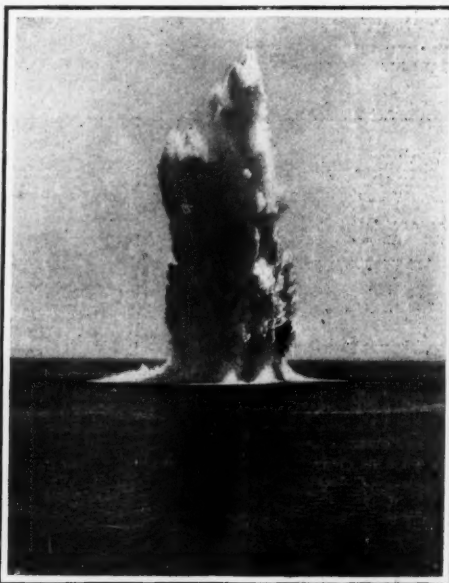
#### ELIHU ROOT, SECRETARY OF STATE

THE PUBLIC OPINION of the country recognized but two possible successors to Secretary Hay. Mr. Root's acceptance of the portfolio means that the Cabinet will contain not only a lawyer of the very highest ability, but the one man who, throughout his official relationship to the President, has never hesitated to speak his mind, whether it coincided with or was opposed to that of his leader. To those haunted by the spectre of a one-man rule in Washington, such an appointment should be enlightening.

#### JOHN PAUL JONES

THE BODY of John Paul Jones was formally transferred to the representatives of the United States on July 6, with ceremonies notable for their impressiveness and for their revelation of the cordial good-will felt by the French people for America. Bluejackets and marines marched through the streets of Paris under escort of French troops, and the coffin was drawn on a gun-carriage through the Champs Elysées amid crowds who stood with uncovered heads as the body of the Scotch-American sailor passed.

Even more impressive was the real funeral at Cherbourg, next day, of a humbler American seaman, where once again French troops and sailors



EXPLOSION OF 16½ TONS OF DYNAMITE

A boat load of dynamite was lost overboard in the Bay of Alexandria, Egypt. Being a menace to navigation, the authorities decided to destroy it. It was exploded by electricity, and the water column rose to a height of 2,000 feet, its diameter at the base being fully 700 feet.



AN AIRSHIP THAT BEHAVES

Roy Knabenshue made a successful flight in his airship at Toledo, June 30. He started from the Fair Grounds and proceeded three miles, against a head wind, in twenty-five minutes, landing on the roof of a ten-story office building. He returned easily and directly to his starting point, and not a hitch occurred in the operation of the ship.

joined the escort, and thousands of the people of the city fell in behind the cortège as mourners when it passed.

#### NORWAY AND SWEDEN

WAR TALK was renewed in the Scandinavian peninsula on July 2, when King Oscar declared the four most important coast towns of Sweden war ports and excluded all foreign ships from them. This action, combined with the sending of several gunboats to cruise along the coast of Norway, stirred popular excitement in both countries to a dangerous pitch, and created very grave danger of a clash between the troops stationed on the common frontier.

#### UNREST IN HUNGARY

THE HUNGARIAN DIET has passed a vote of no confidence in the Prime Minister appointed by Francis Joseph as King of Hungary. The causes of unrest here are much the same as in Norway, an intense local patriotism roused to fear of national extinction. The Hungarians demand the use of Magyar instead of German words of command in their contingent of the army, the revision of their electoral system, and a customs service independent of Austria. Francis Joseph will not consent to these things, although the experience of King Oscar must have shown him the danger

of forcing an unacceptable Prime Minister on a helpless majority. In spite of the attractive personal qualities and the popularity of the Emperor, the loyalty of the sensitive and suspicious Magyars becomes daily more doubtful.

#### IN BLEEDING KANSAS

AMID THE MONOTONOUS succession of war, revolution, graft, and politics, Kansas strikes the note of untrammelled, joyous human activity. Governor La Follette there seeks relief from railroad busting by delivering lectures on Shakespeare, and Mr. William Travers Jerome pours out his thoughts on things in general. The Kansas Supreme Court has just punctured Governor Hoch's scheme for making a State oil refinery constitutional by calling it a penitentiary, and it will be interesting to see how far Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, who also is touring the Sunflower State, will find in this decision an evidence of the pernicious activity of the



System. Mr. Lawson's tongue has proved less efficient than his pen in the West thus far.

#### ANOTHER DEPARTMENT SCANDAL

THE NEWEST SENSATION in the Civil Service circles, the leak in the crop reports of the Department of Agriculture, bears a striking resemblance to the beginning of the Post-Office

scandals. Secretary Wilson's investigation on the charges of growers and dealers that Government cotton crop reports had been furnished brokers in New York in advance of the official publication, established the fact that Edwin S. Holmes, an assistant statistician of the department, has not only been selling this official information, but that in some cases he deliberately changed

the estimates sent in by the inspectors to such figures as would make a favorable market for his clients. The loose administration of the Washington bureaus is revealed by the fact that though these operations were carried on for several years under the very eyes of the chief statistician, the first intimation which the Government received came in these charges preferred by outsiders.

## THE LOSS OF JOHN HAY

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

TO Mr. Hay death was cold and threatening. For years he watched its dire approach, shrinking from its horror as a delicate woman shrinks. It was not that existence held so many charms, for his task was often irksome; it was that he and life had long been friends, and that the dark unknown was chill. Also it was true that when the outer world jarred his finely balanced nature, he saw beauty with that inner eye which is the bliss of solitude. Trained as a diplomat, skilled as a diplomat, how gladly would he forget Central America or Manchuria, to remember the lines of poetic glory with which his brain was full.

"Every word," says Emerson, "was once a poem." Mr. Hay had that tenderness for language. "He koude songes make and wel endite," and he could still more deeply feel them. The world's appreciation of him was in confidence and admiration. It felt safe in his astute and sure-footed diplomacy. It could not realize the many-colored life which he led alone with beauty. "Poetry," said Wordsworth, "is the first and last of all knowledge; it is immortal as the heart of man." Less in talent than in tenor, Mr. Hay was essentially a poet, and what he said in verse was true:

"Always the fact unreal seems,  
And truth I find alone in  
dreams."

Too slight as was my acquaintance with John Hay, I have felt ashamed in his presence, because as he looked out across this earth, to the sky beyond, thoughts came to his heart, and words to his lips, in acknowledgment of the world's beauty, that I could in no way meet with any approaching richness of allusion. His friends everywhere, I imagine, had this exhilaration of losing the statesman in the poet. It is in such a memory that they turn to Mr. Hay's own words—now that words and thoughts are all that we have left of him:

"My short and happy day is  
done;  
The long and lonely night  
comes on,  
And at my door the pale  
horse stands  
To carry me to distant lands.  
His whinny shrill, his pawing  
hoof,  
Sound dreadful as a gathering  
storm;  
And I must leave this sheltering  
roof  
And joys of life so soft and  
warm."

He had returned to die; perhaps not to-day, or to-morrow, but soon; and he saw no better road than the day's work. He did not speak grandiloquently, but in his quiet way he liked standing at his post; nor is it inapt, at least to my emotion, to recall the death of that early hero of his own:

"Through the hot, black breath of the  
burnin' boat  
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,  
And they all had trust in his cussedness,  
And knowed he would keep his word,  
And, sure's you're born, they all got off  
Afore the smokestacks fell—  
And Bludso's ghost went up alone  
In the smoke of the *Prairie Bell*."

Mr. Hay had an inspiringly large and charitable intelligence; not that colorless variety in which impartiality means equally distributed indifference, but rather the fairness of a sensitive nature reined and guided by the truth—the self-controlled fair-dealing becoming in one whose young powers received their initial training under the sad and burdened eye of Lincoln. From that forbearing spirit Mr. Hay learned

some of the philosophic scope and some of that view of the world's plots and counterplots which have been accepted everywhere as making him worthy of many nations' freely given trust. A lifetime's saturation in affairs had made him conversant with the demeanor of large and little governments, until he was able to think with accuracy, boldness, and originality, and to act with patience and shrewd precision, so unerringly that in the complicated developments of the East he led the world's diplomacy. History will be concerned with him mainly from the day that McKinley—profoundly instinctive selector of lieutenants—recalled him from his embassy, to direct the new world-power's foreign rôle; but history will then go back to the scholar, the philosopher, and the poet, to realize why John Hay became the diplomat he was. Under him, what is now famed as American diplomacy found its useful and refined maturity. Under him we shouldered new burdens in far climes with moderation and

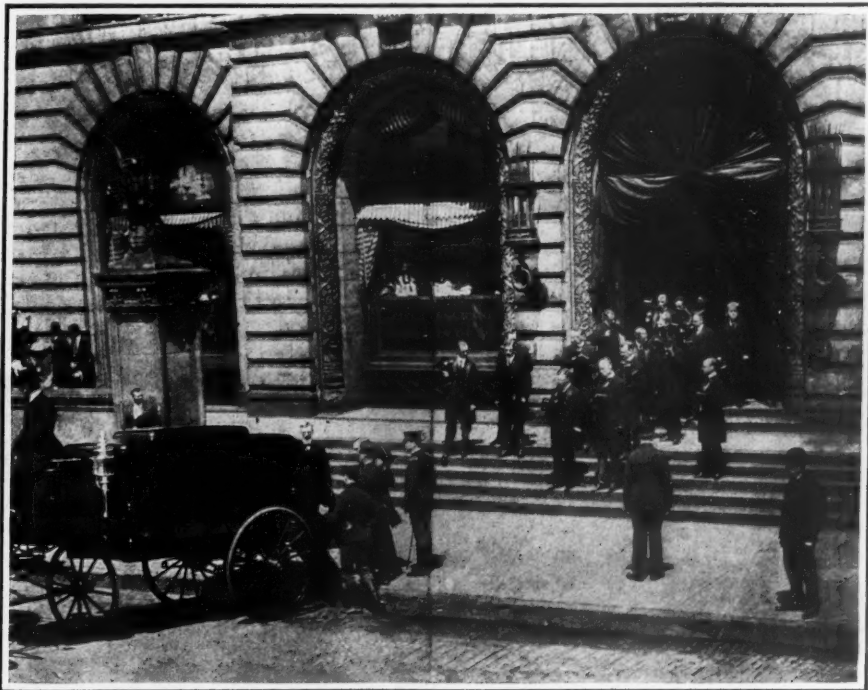
determined, and resourceful man of action at its height. All brain and will, his career thus far has not shown him weighted with that aromatic value of the mind which we call soul. Powerful beyond almost any of our living men, he has not yet stood for anything higher than efficiency. Mr. Hay lived until his name had become identified with an ideal. In foreign politics he drew freely on the Golden Rule. He believed in the potency of an admitted moral truth—not, be it conceded freely, in the manner of Don Quixote, but as what, were it rightly called upon, would prove to be the spirit of the age; and he knew how to summon this potent inspiration and make it put traditional technical diplomacy to flight. He knew how to use America's position of advantage to speak most powerfully in the name of humane intercourse and peace. He had no love for that sense of honor and virility which he ridiculed as "physical self-esteem and readiness to fight on the slightest provocation." It was in the domain of harmony and morals that he felt his strength and used it, and the harsh appeal of war was not for him. "Freedom is its own eternal law," he said, and when some thought the Spaniards were not fit for freedom, Mr. Hay replied that "no people are fit for anything else."

Mr. Hay was never popular. No high elective office could ever have been his. There was a fastidiousness about him, an irony, a selection that made a barrier between the multitude and him. Almost pugnaciously democratic in belief, he was exclusive in enjoyment and in taste. Reread those enthusiastic pages of "Castilian Days," and you will find in the young man what was characteristic of the old—the energy of conviction, the excited faith in liberty, but with it all the calm smile of culture and the discriminated preferences of taste. His mind was no hotel, open to every applicant for admission. It was a private dwelling, and the exclusions from it were not few. Scholars, artists, and lovers of the beautiful were his friends, and he never lost much sleep about missing the personal affection of the millions, to whom, however, he was always just. "Speak," he says, "with the speech of the world,

think with the thoughts of the few." And again:

"Scorning thy faith and purpose to defend,  
The ever-mutable multitude at last  
Will hail the power they did not comprehend."

Men may be lovable either in the aloof or in the hearty type: the difference is in numbers. Mr. Hay, sometimes resented as distant and aristocratic, is missed by friends as honest and devoted as any man could have. From the nation he now has honor and regret; from a few, the suffering that comes when affection and charm are crushed away. I do not well know how to put in words this feeling, that when John Hay died it was more than one good statesman gone: it was the passing into dust of a being singularly full of light and of responsiveness to the manifold attractiveness of this puppet show in which we live. It was the end of something encouraging and rare. And in these first weeks after the new-made grave has closed, that fading from the world of a soul that had been so exquisitely alive occupies the heart, and leaves to time the colder task of placing a valued lifetime's exploits just where in history they belong.



THE LAST HONORS TO SECRETARY OF STATE JOHN HAY, AT CLEVELAND, JULY 5

The funeral procession about to start from the Chamber of Commerce building for the cemetery. On the steps stand the President and Vice-President; behind them, Private Secretary Loeb; behind him, Elihu Root and Secretary Wilson, followed by other members of the Cabinet.

judgment so impressive, that when Theodore Roosevelt first became a candidate for the chief magistracy, the inquiry that arose from North to South, from East to West, was substantially a mandate from the people that John Hay retain his post and all his power. Precisely in what relation the cultivated minister continued to work under the popular executive, it is far too soon to speak. The biographer of John Hay will have a pretty task at just this point, and the biographer of President Roosevelt one no less delicate. Things have been done that Mr. Hay would not have done. Sometimes also there has been restraint, where it must have been difficult for Mr. Roosevelt not to use his power. On this equation the next four years would cast more light were they to show the President acting his nature freely out abroad. As, however, he has chosen one of the ablest lawyers in the world as Mr. Hay's successor, any change of policy which may develop will occur without a shock.

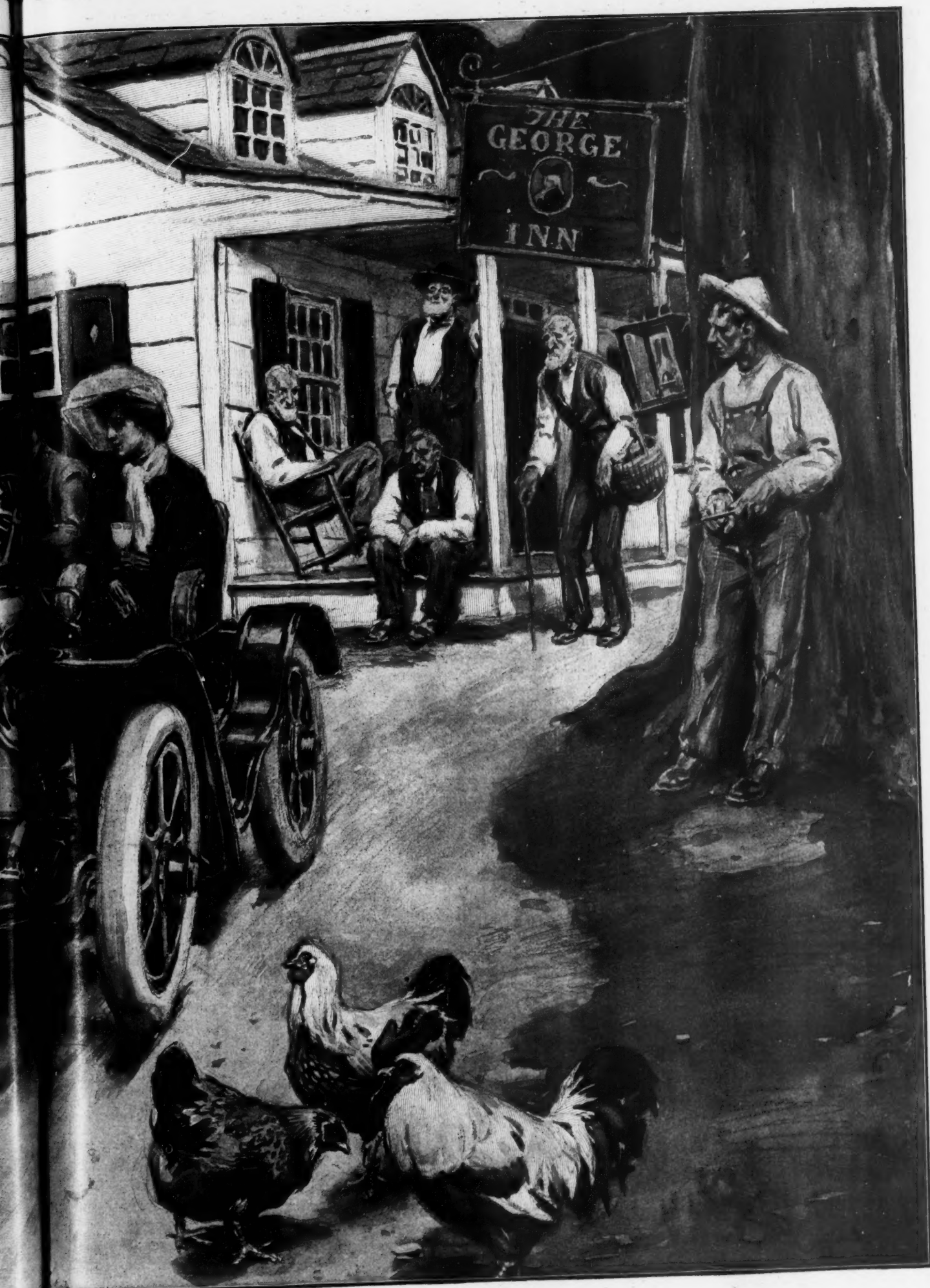
Mr. Root, like Mr. Hay, was selected by McKinley. Between these two statesmen the difference in starting-point and principle is extreme. Mr. Root is the shrewd,



# A GLASS OF MILK

DRAWN BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

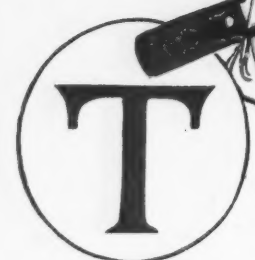




MIK BY THE WAY

WALTER PPLETON CLARK

# The Dragon - Painter



By Mary McNeil Fenollosa

PART II

DECORATIONS BY F. X. LEYENDECKER

THE month had almost gone. Tatsu, tamed and changed to outward seeming, burned ever inwardly with rage and scorn. The petty conventions of social life

were as so many tongues of flame. Umè-ko he was seldom allowed to see, and then only in the presence of others. When once he had tried to gain entrance to the women's quarters, old Mata had repulsed him victoriously with epithets such as "barbarian," "vulture," "tengu," and "wild boar."

Ando Uchida, as adviser and sponsor to his incalculable protégé, rented, in the boy's name, a small cottage, and, with Mata's efficient aid, began preparations for the wedding. A small painting-room was fitted up, and here, the greater part of each day, Tatsu worked, pouring out his heart in scenes of splendid power, or soothing his sick fancies by studies of Umè-ko in a thousand exquisite color-dreams. Kano, seeing how each new creation gained in beauty, breadth, and technical skill, lived in an intoxication of joy.

Everything was going as he planned. Umè-ko, trembling and blushing at the words, had assented meekly enough to her proposed marriage, and now, putting aside the artist's tools, bent day by day above shimmering wedding garments.

Old Mata wondered incessantly over the quiet happiness that shone in the girl's downcast face, as she sewed. In the old nurse's heart lay deep resentment that her fair young mistress was to be sacrificed, for Art's sake, to this untamed creature from the hills. Kano himself was a little surprised at his daughter's uncomplaining acquiescence. As in other lands, the old people thought themselves wise when they were only blind.

Swiftly the heap of wedding garments grew—delicate robes as gray and thin as mist, with sunset-colored inner robes of silk; gowns of linen and cotton for indoor wear; bath and sleeping robes stamped in great designs of flowers, birds, or landscape; silken bed quilts and bright floor-cushions; great sashes crusted like bark with patterns of gold; dainty toilet accessories of hairpins, girdles, collarettes, shopping-bags, purses, jewel-cases; and new sandals of various sorts, each pair with velvet thongs of some delicate hue.

Alone in her tiny chamber Umè-ko dreamed of other things than sewing. Each morning, before the first glimmer of light, her little hand stole like a mouse across the smooth floor to a certain corner beneath the shoji where a letter, by some miracle, always managed to find its way. This she held against her lips—her heart—until the kindly dawn should lift a pink lantern for her to read. At twilight the answer would lie in a far corner of the althea garden hedge, just where one who knew could reach it, even from the outer thoroughfare. These letters were the food on which the lovers lived. Each marked in triumph the demolition

of another day. "Another stone, beloved, from the dungeon wall that holds us separate."

The day came at last. Uchida declared that he had lost fifteen pounds, and were the ceremony to be postponed for another month he would be shrunken to an insect *gaki* chirping on a tree. Old Mata was at the height of her pride and importance, sending off the procession of wedding garments and gifts. When all else was gone, Umè-ko, very still and pale under her white bridal hood, stepped into the closed palanquin, drew the crimson curtains, and was borne away by sturdy coolies to Tatsu's home.

IV

THE one concession which Tatsu had asked and gained was a week of uninterrupted solitude. At the time it had seemed to Kano a slight, if foolish, re-

quest; but now, on the fourth day, the old man was already in an agony of childish impatience. His usual solace of painting, tried for two disastrous mornings, failed utterly. He found himself haunting the hedges that inclosed the bridal cottage. A feeling of personal resentment grew in his heart. Surely Umè-ko would not be so undutiful as to stay away for a whole week from her lonely old father. Once he heard a laugh, a woman's sudden, spontaneous laugh. He frowned and stood still in the street. It did not sound like the laugh of pleasure one gives on seeing a great painting; it had too happy, too personal a sound. But surely Tatsu must be painting. What else was he living for? And why had he married at all, if not to paint?

The culprits returned at the end of the week. They were greeted coldly. Umè-ko, indeed, was not noticed at all. The old artist's first words were for Tatsu: "Well, well, Tatsu-San, how many paintings in all these days?"

Tatsu looked up blankly, first at the questioner, then at his bride. She gave a little, convulsive ripple of laughter, and bent her shining eyes to the floor.

"I have not painted," said Tatsu.

"Not painted!" echoed Kano. "Not painted? I can not believe it."

Tatsu looked at his wife. From the troubled silence her sweet voice reached, like a caress. "Dear father, the days are heavy with summer."

"Summer! What is heat or cold to a true artist?" Kano exclaimed angrily. "I have been painting."

Again fell the troubled silence.

"I said that I had been painting," repeated the old man.

Umè-ko recovered herself. "I—I—am truly grateful, dear father. Shall you deign to honor us with a sight of your work?"

"I shall not deign," snapped the old man. "Why do you not influence him to work?" He pointed to Tatsu. "It is what you married him for."

Umè-ko flushed, and a look of distress crept into her face. She threw a half-frightened look toward her husband, and said: "To-morrow, if the gods will, my master shall paint."

Tatsu's steady gaze held her. "Your eyes, Umè-ko! Is it truly for this that you became my wife?"

Umè-ko tried in vain to brave the look he gave her. Sullenness and reserve fell from him; his face glowed, his strange, strong, magnetic eyes mastered and overcame her. "No—no—be-

loved—" she whispered, and unconsciously held out her arms. A fierce light of triumph illumined him. Her eyes fell, her head drooped as if in faintness, across her lips stole a smile of unearthly tenderness. Tatsu rose, strode to her, and lifted her rudely to her feet, keeping hold of one slender arm.

"Come, Dragon-Wife," he said, "Come back to our little home of happiness. No stupid father is there, no necessity for painting—only you and I, and a love that the Gods have given!" Umè-ko gave one terrified look toward her father, then trembled and clung to Tatsu, hiding her face against his sleeve.

Kano grew like death. "Go to your rooms!" he thundered. "Are you mad, both of you? Such disrespect—such immodesty—" The words choked him and died away.

"Dare not use that tone and look, old man," said Tatsu. His young face had flamed into a terrible fury. Umè-ko hurled herself into his arms. "Master! Be-loved! Be patient. He is our father. If you love me, speak no word. Come, we will go to the bamboo-grove on the slope." She pushed him to an inner room, gasping: "Wait—wait—" then kneeling be-

fore her father, cried: "Oh, father—father—do not hold hatred against us. We will go now that you may calm your just anger. In an hour we shall return and plead for mercy." She rose, hurried to Tatsu, seized his clinched fist in her small, cold fingers, and almost dragged him from the house.

Old Kano, left alone, felt his white anger kindle into a crimson fury. He struck himself violently upon one knee, crying aloud: "So thus love influences him! Aha! my dragon-painter, other methods may be tried! Such words to me—to me—Kano Indara! Could I have really seen and heard! He caught my child by the arm, like a common street-wench—and she—he did not turn upon him. Shameless!"

"Have my young mistress and her august spouse taken departure?" asked Mata at a crack of the fusuma.

"Either they or some demon changelings," said Kano, in a choked voice.

Mata scented excitement. She glided into the room, held up the tiny teapot, and shook it from side to side. "Your honorable teapot, master. It is empty."

"Yes—yes—replenish it," said Kano. "Shameless! incredible! He has the manners of a wild-boar!"

"Ma-a-a!" exclaimed the old woman, turning back a face of decorous interest: "How mortified our Umè-San must be!"

"Mortified!" echoed the artist, with an angry laugh. "She admired him! She clung to him, Mata. Never did I expect to view so gross a sight. Why, Mata—"

"Yes, yes, dear master. One moment for the tea—" She returned with the steaming pot, poured him a cup, and seated herself respectfully. The spoiled old man could not contain his indignation. His words came like a flood. Mata drew him on, and the relief began to soothe him. As his passion ebbed, the old woman ventured a word of pleading: "Remember, master, the poor creatures are married but a week."

"They should not have been married at all had I dreamed of this!"

"Of course, he isn't worthy of her," said the woman craftily.

"He's worthy of any woman on earth," cried Kano, "if he could but learn to act like a man."

"It would be a long schooling," said Mata thoughtfully.

"He's the greatest artist since Sesshu," said Kano with vehemence.

Mata bowed. "You recognize artists, august master; I recognize fools."

"Do you call my son a fool?" cried Kano, frowning.

"Footsteps approach your honorable gate," said Mata, rising. "Shall I admit the young persons?"

"Most certainly," said the old man. "What else might you do?" Mata went out, her sides shaking with suppressed laughter.

The two entered slowly. Umè-ko trembling and pale, Tatsu scornful and defiant. Kano greeted them pleasantly. The tempest of an hour ago had left no trace.

Within a few days Tatsu received legally the name of "Kano," and the old man was congratulated far and near on his acquisition of a son. The bridal cottage was deserted. In the Kano home a new studio was





fitted up for Tatsu. Silken squares on wooden frames stood against the wall waiting blankly for his coming.

But Tatsu did not paint. To lie dreaming on the fragrant matted floor near Umè-ko, where he could listen to her breathing and sometimes pull her closer by a silken sleeve—this was enough for Tatsu. Nothing could arouse in him a sense of duty, of obligation to himself, to his adopted father, or to his profession. He would not argue and could scarcely be said to listen. He lived and moved and breathed in love, as in a fourth dimension. Kano became alarmed and tried various devices. He sent Umè-ko from the house for hours together. Then Tatsu wandered about the rooms and garden as one whose spirit has fled. To the old man's angry remonstrances he would turn a gentle, deprecating face. He had promised Umè-ko never again to speak rudely to their father. Besides, why should he? The outside world was all so beautiful, so sad and unimportant. A bird swinging on a *hagi* spray brought swift, sharp tears to his eyes. Old Kano, bleating from the arid rocks of age, must be listened to patiently.

With equal intensity, though with less abandonment, Umè-ko, painter, poet, and woman, loved him. His strong, unusual face, his strange, sweet voice, his deep, strange, luminous, compelling eyes belonged, she thought, to an age when demigods peopled the earth. A lesser woman would have feared him. Umè-ko, in solitude, met his eyes without a tremor, and knew that the gods themselves had chosen her a mate.

But with Umè-ko, the growing distress of her father's face, and the petulant complaints of Mata began to darken, as by an imperceptible mist, the golden atmosphere of their love. Tatsu's utter rejection of his art, too, gave her personal grief. She was proud of his genius. She felt herself to be an obstacle where most she longed to inspire. More than once she took up her painting materials, hoping to lure Tatsu back to art, but he laughed at the shallow device, and held her hands away from the brushes, pressing them to his lips, and saying to her that stupid painting was at an end for him, for he now lived visions more beautiful than any artist could put on silk.

One afternoon, early in September, the lovers wandered eastward from the cottage, traversing many streets, until they reached the Sumida River, which lies like a wide road of glass through the City of Yedo. Avoiding the region of fashionable tea-houses and crowded bridges, they sauntered northward by lonelier shores and wider fields until they came to a bank where grew a single willow. The body of this tree, bending slightly outward, sent its long, nerveless leaves in a perpendicular green rain to the surface of the stream, where sudden swarms of minnows, like shivers in glass, assailed the deceptive bait. The roots of the tree clutched earth, air, and water, showing great twisted brown ropes. Among these living cords the current, swifter here than in midstream, uttered at intervals a guttural, uncanny sound, as of spectral laughter.

Umè-ko leaned with one arm about the tree, looking out, with mournful eyes, to the passing river show. On the further bank stood cherry trees, still in full leaf, and above them the sunset glowed. Against the sky a temple roof, like the keel of a sunken vessel, cut black lines into the crimson light.

Tatsu flung himself full length upon the bank. He patted the soil with its springing grasses, and felt his heart flow out in love. Then he reached up and caught the drifting gauze of Umè-ko's sleeve, making as if to pull her down. Umè-ko clasped the tree. "Tatsu," she said, "I implore you to think not of me. Look, beloved, the tall white sails of the rice-boats pass, and over yonder, children in scarlet petticoats dance beneath the trees."

"I see but you," said Tatsu.

Umè-ko drew the sleeve gently away. "Alas! shall I forever obscure beauty? The sun's red light is sinking, lord, and now the moon will come."

"What care I for the moon, oh, Dragon-Maid!"

Umè-ko's outstretched arm fell to her side. "Alas!" she sighed again with quivering lips: "You dream not of the pain you give."

"I make no hurt that I can not heal," said Tatsu, in his masterful way.

In the silence that followed, the water among the willow-roots gave out an impetuous splash and gurgle, a sound of liquid merriment—perhaps the laugh of a "Kappa," or river sprite. Umè-ko leaned over swiftly, staring into the stream.

"How deep it is and strong!" she whispered. "That which fell here would be carried very swiftly out to sea."

Tatsu, only half understanding the words, watched her with delight. She was a fair picture in this eager pose, with her swaying gray sleeves and gold-embroidered sash, and the dainty sandals with thongs of rose-colored velvet. Suddenly the bank beneath her crumbled, a great wedge sliding down with sob and splash beneath her very feet. She tottered and clung to the tree. Tatsu, rising at a single bound, snatched her backward, crushing her against his breast, and fondling her as a tiger might a rescued cub. "Umè-ko, Umè-ko," he cried, his face like death: "Never again go near that river or trust a willow tree. That tree must hold already the spirit of some dead, unhappy woman who drowned herself, and would destroy you. Oh, the very earth split beneath your little feet! Come away from the river—come—I can not bear it!"

"I—I—am faint yet," murmured Umè-ko. "Let me gain breath—and, lord, when you so embrace me—"

"We will wait," said Tatsu grimly; "but you stay here in my arms."

Across the river the sky grew cold and blue like the side of a dead fish. Now aglow, subtle and unmistakable as perfume, tingled up through the darkness. "The moon!" whispered Umè-ko.

"I hate it!" said Tatsu. "Can you walk yet?"

The river current in the tree-roots laughed aloud.

"Yes—yes," whispered Umè-ko, "I can walk."

The young man held her tightly for an instant. "Umè, Umè-ko, my wife," he cried in a voice of unutterable love: "I have sought you through the universes for a thousand years! Shall anything part us now?"

"Nothing can part us but death," said Umè-ko, and turned her face toward the river.

Tatsu shuddered. "Use not the word. It attracts evil!"

"It is a word all must use some day," said Umè-ko. "Tell me, beloved, if death should come—"

"It would be for both—it could not be for one alone."

"No, no," she cried in a voice of anguish. "Not if I, the lesser, should be chosen of death. You would live for our father, for Art!"

"I would kill myself as quickly as I could," said Tatsu. "What comfort would painting be? I painted merely because I had you not."

"Because you had me not," mused little Umè-ko, with eyes on the darkening river.

"Come," said Tatsu angrily. "There has been too much said!" He took her arm, almost dragging her into the thoroughfare. A little later he burst out: "The death-pangs of ordinary mortals should have no power over us, my Dragon-Wife. When our time comes for pause before rebirth, we shall go together to some lonely mountain peak and lift our arms to our true parents—the spirits of storm and mist. There they will snatch us to their hearts, as I love to snatch you, beloved of my soul!"

A few mornings after this, Tatsu, waking as usual with the first pink tapping of the sun, found a note from Umè-ko beside his pillow. Never doubting that it was some trivial message of devotion, a prayer of pardon that she had slipped from his side in the dewy freshness of the morning, he opened it with a smile and began to read:

"In my unworthiness, oh, Master, my heart's beloved, I have come between you and the great work that you must do. The fault is mine, and doubtless comes from an evil karma. By sacrifice of life and joy I now expiate it. I go to the leaning willow where the water speaks. One thing I dare to ask—that you will admit no thought of self-destruction, which would so heavily burden my soul. I shall come to you, beloved, in spirit. Farewell, oh thou who art loved as no mortal was loved before thee! Your erring wife, Umè-ko."

In his fantastic nightrobe of cotton stamped with huge designs of fish, ungirdled and wild of eyes, Tatsu rushed through the drowsy streets of Yedo. The few pedestrians, catching sight of him, withdrew with cries of fear into alleys and gateways. At the leaning willow he stopped for an instant, staring down like a drunkard into the swirling waters. Umè-ko's words seemed spoken aloud: "That which fell here would be carried very swiftly out to sea." Great sobs began to shake him. This thing could not be possible. The gods would not allow it. Suddenly his eyes were held by a little shoe among the willow roots. It was of lacquer with a thong of rose-colored velvet. With one last sob that seemed to tear asunder the physical walls of his flesh, he loosed his grip of the tree and fell.

## V

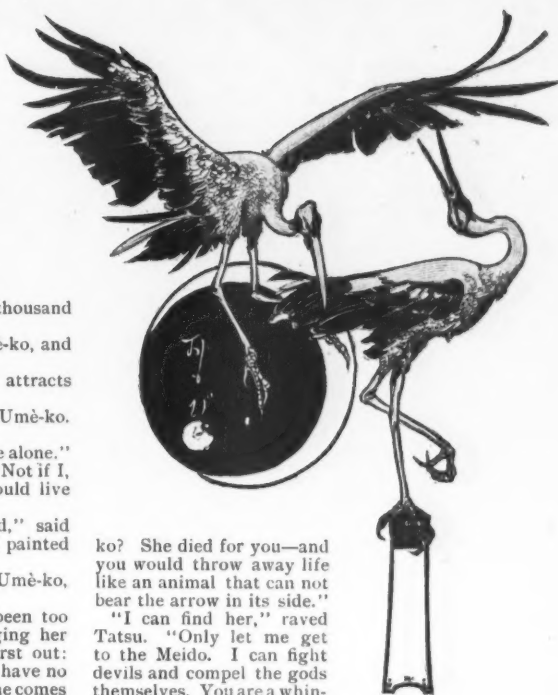
OLD Kano and the bridge-keeper found him some moments later caught among the pilings of a boat-landing several hundred yards down the stream. Apparently he was already dead. He had seized in falling Umè-ko's small shoe with the rose-colored thong, and his fingers could not be unclasped. He was taken to a hospital, and during the day fever set in. Life but not consciousness remained. The chief physician shook his head and said that the illness would be long and serious. Old Kano went home with stricken heart, wondering whether now in this extremity the Gods of his land would desert him. More unwillingly than he had been dragged from the merciful river, Tatsu now knew himself to be held back from death. Growing stronger, in spite of himself, he pleaded: "Let me die now before the thoughts come more keenly. I can not bear this grief. You give me strength merely to slay myself. I warn you I shall take the first opportunity."

"I must give you back your life," said the physician gravely, "even though you are to use it as a coward."

The old Shingon priest from the temple came to visit him, remonstrating against the unmanly passion of his grief, and urging him for the sake of Umè-ko's soul to master the desire for self-destruction. "Buddha is merciful, he will teach you how to live, my son."

"I care not for Buddha's teaching nor his mercy," raved Tatsu blasphemously. "Only let me gain entrance to the shadowy Meido-land where my wife is waiting."

"Alas, poor grief-deluded boy!" said the priest. "Will you part yourself forever from the soul of Umè-



ko? She died for you—and you would throw away life like an animal that can not bear the arrow in its side."

"I can find her," raved Tatsu. "Only let me get to the Meido. I can fight devils and compel the gods themselves. You are a whining old priest. What can you know of a love like mine?"

Kano Indara also tried words of comfort, but Tatsu turned upon him more fiercely still. "She would not have died but for you, old man! You drove her to the deed! What care you for human anguish—the paintings are your only thought. I curse them—all that I have ever done! I could lick them from the silk with the tongue of a dragon! Speak not to me of Umè-ko, or I will slay you ere I kill myself and fling your craven soul to devils in the Meido-land as one flings entrails to a dog! Keep from my sight!"

But Kano came patiently, schooling himself to endure the hatred of Tatsu's averted face, sitting for hours together by the bedside. One morning, several weeks after the tragedy, the old man sat in his accustomed place, but with something more than the usual placid resignation in his manner. He moved restlessly and at last ventured to say: "Tatsu, my son, I have brought something."

No answer came.

"Tatsu, my dear son, I have brought something that may pain you."

Tatsu laughed for the first time since his illness, a bitter, harsh sound. "What a novel experience it would be," he sneered.

"Listen quietly, I entreat. This morning I had need of a certain pigment, mine being exhausted, and I went to your room to borrow—"

"The things are yours, not mine," interrupted Tatsu cruelly. "I shall need them no more."

Kano's face quivered, but his voice was the same as he continued: "Just within the lid of your color-box, I found a spray of *hagi* flowers, and—and—a letter, with your name."

Tatsu turned his hungry, sunken eyes to the old man. "A letter, to me?—from—"

"Here it is—see for yourself," cried the other, and held it toward the bed, not daring to look.

Tatsu snatched it. The writing was Umè-ko's. He stifled his cries. "Go—go—at once," he managed to gasp. Alone he crushed the delicate tissue against eyes and lips and throat. "Oh, my wife, my wife," he sobbed. "Whatever these written words, they can not tear my heart, for it is dead already!" At length, controlling the storm of grief, he read: "I am near you, beloved, always, always near you. My soul has life but in the thought of you. Be brave for my soul's sake. Set up, I pray you, in the room where you will find this letter, a little shrine, to be our meeting-place. You will not fear, for I know now that in all the seven universes there is nothing real but love. I shall be happy if you grant this prayer. This is a cry from the soul of Umè-ko."

From this hour a change came over Kano Tatsu. He became considerate and even gentle. Constant watchfulness of attendants was no longer necessary, for he had promised to give up, for the present at least, his thought of self-destruction. To Kano Indara he said: "I shall go home with you. I shall try to live and perhaps even to paint. Only do not you attempt to call my grief by name, or I shall go forever."

His home-coming was an ordeal more terrible than even he had anticipated. For several days and nights he remained alone without food in the little room where he and Umè-ko had lived. When the fusuma were at last parted, and a trembling, shambling wreck of a man crept to the kitchen asking for rice, old Mata burst into a passion of tears. "How you loved her! How you loved her!" she sobbed aloud. "The master is of granite and mud. He has no heart. But you truly loved her, and I, Tatsu San. You shall be my real master from this day."

When first Tatsu put out a trembling, gaunt hand toward the painting tools, old Kano fled to the far end of the garden, casting himself face down upon sand and gravel, to stifle his sobs of joy. Then he rose and hurried up the hill to the Shingon temple.

So Tatsu began to paint pictures. Again and again he drew Umè-ko leaning against the willow tree, the sod beginning to crumble beneath her sandaled feet.

or sometimes as the spirit-possessor of the tree, her silver-white face gleaming among the leaves. Little by little these morbid themes gave way, and the old fierce power over landscape, color, and motion returned. He painted now as if it were all that life held for him, and each finished picture seemed, in some occult way, to bring him nearer to Umè-ko.

At twilight, when colors and brushes must be laid aside, he formed the habit of going to a certain little hillock at the far end of the garden, where, lying upon his back, he could gaze upward to the ragged outline of the cliff, and the one great tree, soaring out into twilight. Often, in sunset glory, the gray nuns came, clustering like doves beneath the tree. A single gray figure stood always apart, with one arm flung about a young cypress tree, as Umè-ko had stood beneath the willow. At first Tatsu hid his eyes, but evening after evening the same slender form appeared, always at the same spot, and, unconsciously, Tatsu began to watch for her.

Tatsu's fame began to spread. The "Dragon-Painter" he was called, and "The New Kano." His romantic, miserable story appealed to all hearts. Women prayed for the soul of Umè-ko; men envied Kano Indara his daughter. Meanwhile, the young artist lived a life as remote as if he were among his mountain peaks. By day he painted; by night he alternately slept and dreamed, awake, of Umè-ko. He knew now that her written spirit words were true, that her soul was always near him. Yet it was not the ghostly presence only; he could sometimes have sworn that the wife whom his arms had held, his lips had pressed, was over there in the darkness, just within reach of his hand. Once he awoke sitting upright, grasping for her sleeve, and crying aloud: "Umè-ko, my wife, my wife!"

The air was faint with her! He heard a sob, distinctly a woman's sob, just without the *shoji*. He sprang up, crashing the frame aside and leaning into the darkness, his very soul at stake for a sound.

A neighbor's dog barked, echoes rose, and in an instant the night was torn with baying.

Midwinter descended upon the little cottage. Even rash Tatsu could not lie now on the hillock to watch the ragged sky line of the temple cliff. The gray convent doves remained indoors, all but one who came for a moment each day at twilight, and more rarely at sunrise, to stand beneath the cypress. The stir of springtime began. Tatsu painted steadily and with ever increasing power. Old Kano could scarcely restrain his joy. Often, now, he climbed the long, steep road to the temple, explaining that he went to thank the gods.

Springtime in Japan touches first with its magic the gnarled old limbs of the Umè-tree, called by stupid foreigners "the plum." From twisted knots and lichen-covered skeletons of growth exude the gemlike drops of buds, of crimson, pink, or white. Under hostile skies, on the very forehead of the year they open, sending out from their fragile caskets odors which might well lure back an ice-bound world to beauty. Such a tree of Umè flowers, the very one, in fact, from which Umè-ko was named, blossomed near Tatsu's sleeping-room. It was of the shape called "Crouching Dragon," and it lay half-tamed beside his steps, one vehement long arm almost touching his paper *shoji*. The sweetness of it crept into his dreams, and spoke with the voice of Umè-ko. During one restless night he lighted the floating wick of his *andon*, and, for the relief it brought, wrote a poem and hung it on the plum-branch. His heart almost stopped beating when, in the morning, he saw that the handwriting on the *tanzaku* was changed. Trembling like a frightened child, he drew it down and read—

"Plum-flower, like a crimson sigh  
Shed thy message o'er him,  
When the cold winds hover nigh  
Scatter sweets before him;  
Cruel winter melts to spring—  
Shall our hearts know blossoming?"

The sun was not well risen, and the morning chill and vague with mist. To Tatsu the air seemed stifling. He rushed out into the garden, his head thrown back. There, motionless beneath the cypress tree, stood a gray figure staring straight down. Something like conviction smote him with a terrible joy: "Umè-ko, my wife!" he called aloud. She leaned over, further—further. "Stand back! Stand back!" he cried in agony, scarcely knowing what he said. "The bank is crumbling!" A voice behind him, the shrill treble of old age, froze the blood in his veins: "Back, Umè-ko!" it screamed. The figure vanished and Tatsu turned.

The old man did not falter. A great majesty came upon him.

"Do you realize what you said?" asked Tatsu slowly.

"Entirely," replied the old artist. "There is a nun called Umè-ko."

Tatsu struck the air with his fist. "I see it all. Oh, I have been a fool! You let us suffer—you have kept me in this hell!"

"I merely stated, my son, that in the convent up there I knew a nun called Umè-ko. The name is not uncommon. She may remain a nun."

For a space longer the two measured glances, then Tatsu threw himself at the old man's feet. "Father, father, you were right! Yours is the stronger soul—but give me back my wife."

"Art is more to the gods than life or love. If again my child be yours, will the painter in you sleep?" The gray figure crept back.

"You and grief have taught me, father. Love shall be Art's servant—and it is a mighty love!"

Old Kano looked down sternly for an instant longer, then his face broke into beautiful smiles. He lifted Tatsu from the earth, retaining the clasp of hands.

"You have been my dragon-painter, my master, from the first," he said, "but my heart was empty. Now—now—I have a son. Shall we go together upward—to the temple—and give thanks, my son?"

## CHINESE BOYCOTTS AND AMERICAN EXCLUSION

By EARLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

ON both sides of the Pacific there appears to have arisen an organized attempt to break down the exclusion policy that shuts out the Chinese from free admission to the United States.

"Boycott American goods," or the Chinese equivalent, has been raised as the war-cry of China's commercial leaders, if we may believe the despatches from China, and under official encouragement has united the dealers and consumers in a non-importation league for the punishment of America. Even the Chinese Chamber of Commerce of Manila passed the boycott resolution, but on second thoughts rescinded it. The reason for this attempt to cut off America's growing trade in the Orient is said to be the indignation roused by the American policy of excluding certain classes of Chinese.

### Attacking the Exclusion Policy

Simultaneously with the boycott agitation in China, a chorus of complaints has been raised in the American press against the harshness with which the exclusion laws are administered. The examination of merchants, students, and travelers of Chinese birth has been criticised as on a level with the examination of a suspected criminal seeking to enter the country. The case of a Chinese, claiming to have been born in this country, denied admission by the immigration bureau, and refused relief by the Supreme Court of the United States

Chinese, employed, prosperous, growing in numbers. Every steamer from the Orient brought a thousand or more immigrants from China. In 1872, 10,642 came; in 1873, 18,154; in 1874, 16,651; in 1875, 19,033; in 1876, 16,879. These added to a city whose population was less than 200,000, and to a State whose population was less than 800,000, produced industrial disturbance. Chinatown grew and prospered while the white men were in distress, because the Chinaman could live and thrive on wages that would not support a white man.

The workmen of California, having decided upon the cause of their woes, promptly organized to demand the exclusion of their competitors. They made such a noise about it that Congress sent out investigating committees, who took much testimony that is buried in the cellars of the Capitol. The committees found that the Chinese roused hostility by both their virtues and their vices—the virtues being a little ahead in the competition.

The testimony of both friends and foes of the Chinese justified the following conclusions: The Chinaman is of extraordinary industry, docile, faithful to a bargain, not addicted to intoxicating liquors. He worked for low wages, lived in quarters that a white man could not occupy, was content with a little boiled rice and a cup of tea when he could get nothing better, and was able to master any industry known to the white man. Hence the Chinaman was employed while the white man was left idle.

### Competition With Employer As Well As Employee

Possibly the difficulties of the white laboring man under Chinese competition would have excited but indifferent sympathy had it not developed that the competition of the Chinese against the American employer was quite as keen and successful as that against the American workman. The American shoe manufacturer, for instance, who filled his factory with Chinese workmen to cut down the wage bill, presently found that a Chinese manufacturer had learned the business from him and was running a plant on a closer margin than he himself could afford. Having taught the business to the Chinese, a Chinese capitalist, with Chinese foremen, Chinese laborers, and a Chinese office force, was underselling him in his own market. The same was found to be the case in a number of other lines—notably ready-made clothing and cigar making, which were largely controlled by Chinese. It was evident that under the operation of the natural laws of trade a large part of the manufacturing and commercial business of the city would eventually pass to the yellow man as the one best fitted to survive in the struggle for existence. Therefore employers as well as employed became vigorous opponents of Chinese immigration.

Besides economic objections there were others. The large Chinese population of the Pacific Slope was formed almost exclusively of young men; and these men, removed from the influence of home ties and traditional public sentiment, developed a combination of Oriental and Western vices demoralizing to the communities about them. The importation of women for immoral purposes early became a recognized traffic that forty years of vigorous effort on the part of the officers of the law has scarce sufficed to stamp out. Gambling and opium-smoking are ineradicable vices of the race, and they have introduced the opium habit among the white people with lamentable results. Blackmail and murder

are a recognized business in Chinatown. Large organizations live by collecting money from merchants, gambling houses, and haunts of vice. They enforce their contributions by the knife, the hatchet, and the revolver. Private disputes are also settled by murder, the Highbinders, so-called, attending to the business for a cash payment. The price for killing a man runs from \$50 to \$2,500, according to his social or business position. These crimes have the saving grace that they are committed by Chinese upon Chinese for Chinese. It is rare for them to attack a white person.



Cotton cloth exported in April of 1904 and 1905



Cotton cloth exported from the United States to China in the ten months ending in April



Cotton cloth exported from the United States to the rest of the world in the ten months ending in April

It is apparent that our exports of cotton cloth to China in the ten months ending in April, 1905, were six times greater than they were in the corresponding period of 1904, and nearly double the value of that exported to all other foreign countries in the same period of 1905

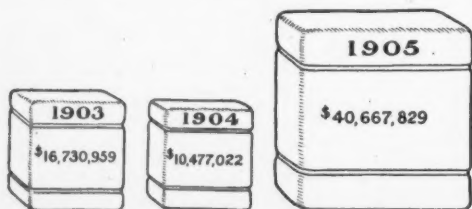
But within their own quarter they have a large number of bold and desperate criminals, requiring an extraordinary police service to maintain order.

Thus, from all causes, the friends of the open door policy in California were reduced in numbers to those inspired by the duty of saving the Chinaman's soul, and the large landholders who found Chinese labor, which could be hired in gangs for a few months in the year and turned off to shift for itself for the rest of the time, the only labor that could make the great ranches profitable. So when it was put to a vote in California, in 1879, only 883 voted for Chinese immigration, while 154,638 voted against it.

### Congress Takes a Hand in the Game

All these matters were laid before Congress, and Congress sympathized. Impressed by the deadly earnestness of the Pacific Slope, the legislative body became dimly conscious that there was a real danger to white supremacy in the outposts of our own land. So in 1878 both Houses passed the Fifteen Passenger bill, limiting the number of Chinese that could be brought by any one vessel to fifteen. President Hayes vetoed it, and advised a treaty with China as the first step in restricting immigration.

In 1880, James B. Angell, John F. Swift, and William H. Trescott were sent to China and negotiated a treaty



Exports from the United States to China in the ten months ending with April of the years indicated on the diagrams

It is apparent that our exports to China were nearly four times as great in 1905 as they were in 1904



Imports from China to the United States in the ten months corresponding with the above

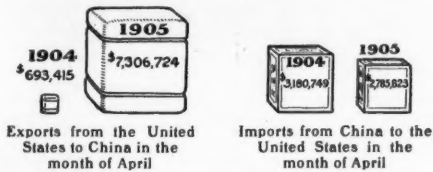
as a matter outside its jurisdiction, has also been used to excite sympathy for the excluded Chinese and to cast discredit upon the exclusion policy.

The demand for the exclusion of the Chinese took its rise in the hard times that followed the panic of 1873. There had been sporadic agitations before, but they had no force. With the hard times, employment became scarce and business suffered. The pinch came, as usual, hardest on the laboring man. He looked about him for a cause of his troubles, and saw the



agreeing that the United States might limit or suspend the coming of Chinese, but might not prohibit it.

Then in 1882 Congress passed a bill suspending the coming of the Chinese for twenty years. President Arthur vetoed it on the ground that the twenty-year limit was prohibition, not suspension. Congress cut down the limit to ten years, and Arthur signed the bill. The act forbade Chinese to enter after ninety days from the passage of the act, but permitted the Chinese in



These statistics show that our exports to China in April, 1905, were more than ten times greater than in April, 1904, while the imports were almost half a million dollars less.

America to re-enter the country after returning to China. They were required merely to take out return certificates on leaving the United States, and present them on re-entering.

The act came up against a hostile court and was punched as full of holes as a sieve. It was held that the act applied to those who left the country between the adoption of the treaty of 1880 and the ninety days after the passage of the act, when it went into effect; and as it was impossible for these to have obtained return certificates, they should be permitted to enter upon parole evidence of prior residence. Court procedure became wonderfully simplified. Chinese seeking to enter the country without certificates were denied landing by the customs officers. A writ of habeas corpus was thereupon issued by the Federal Court, returnable before a court commissioner. The Chinese were thereupon landed, taken before the commissioner in express wagons without guard. A few questions were asked as to the geography of San Francisco and the time they had lived here. The coaching was not very good, and the answers were often ridiculous, but the commissioner usually reported to the court that they were prior residents. The District-Attorney would protest, and the court would sign an order turning them loose. Under this procedure 8,031 were admitted in 1883. It was a source of bubbling indignation to San Francisco. The press roared. The United States District-Attorney said to me one day with tears of anger in his eyes: "Every day I go to the limits of contempt of court, but nothing I can say will move those men to enforce the law." The three judges were kept busy ordering discharges under habeas corpus writs.

#### The Chinese Flood Continues

The protest reached Congress, and in 1884 the law was amended to make the return certificate "the sole evidence" on which a Chinese laborer could establish his right to land. The Federal Courts paid no attention to this enactment. The act by its terms admitted the right of all who had left after the ratification of the treaty of 1880 to return, and the judges held that the provision that the certificate should be the only evidence to entitle laborers to land did not apply to those who left before certificates were issued. Therefore they continued to hear parole evidence, and to land

Chinese on testimony that was for the most part flat perjury.

But the perjury of the bogus "prior resident" was not the only ground of complaint. It soon became evident that the certificate business itself was being overdone. Investigation showed that certificates were articles of merchandise. Every Chinese who left America took out an authorization to return, and promptly sold it to some one who wanted to cross the water to make his fortune. Brokers bought up certificates, schools were maintained in Hong Kong and even on shipboard to teach the Chinese immigrant to answer the few questions that were asked by the customs officers. Then a "ring" was uncovered in the custom house itself that had been issuing forged certificates by the thousand, and selling them to the Chinese brokers. Some of the gang were sent to prison. The others fled. With "prior residents," forged certificates, and other devices for evading the law, coolie immigration grew rapidly—7,704 in 1885-86, 11,162 in 1886-87, 12,816 in 1887-88.

The indignation roused by these exposures brought the passage of the Scott act of 1888. The circumstances were these: In March, 1888, the Senate requested the President to negotiate a treaty with China, providing that no Chinese laborer should thereafter enter the United States. The treaty was negotiated through the Chinese Minister and sent to the Senate on the 17th of March. The Senate added a provision that Chinese laborers who had left this country and had not then returned should not be permitted to return, even though they held return certificates. The treaty was sent to China for ratification, and on the report that it had been rejected by China a bill carrying out substantially the same provisions was brought into the House on September 3, passed at once without division, and sent to the Senate, passed by that body on September 7, and was signed by the President when official confirmation of the rejection of the treaty was received.

#### Only Two Ways Left to Get In

This measure cut off all the frauds of the "prior resident" testimony, the sale of certificates, and the forgery of certificates. The pleas under which a laborer could make his way into the country by sufficient perjury were reduced to two—the first being to swear that he was a "native born," who, under the court rulings, could establish his birth in San Francisco by parole evidence and enter as an American citizen, and the second was to play successfully the part of a merchant. Some hundreds dribbled in by these chinks in the exclusion wall.

Then in 1892 the whole subject was opened afresh. The Restriction Act of 1882, on which all subsequent legislation hung, expired by limitation in May of that year, and fresh legislation was sought. The famous Geary Act was framed by a Congressman from California, and in modified form was accepted by the Senate. It continued all former legislation for another period of ten years, made illegal entry into the United States a crime punishable by imprisonment and deportation, ordered all Chinese lawfully within the United States to take out certificates of identification, and made failure to produce such certificate a cause for deportation. The intent of these severe provisions was to make it easy to identify the smuggled Chinese who were drifting across the northern and southern borders in large numbers, lack of a certificate being presumptive evidence of unlawful entry into the country. Bail was by this act forbidden in habeas corpus cases. Con-

gress modified the act in 1893 to permit the Chinese to comply more readily with the provisions for registration, and to strengthen the administrative features of the act.

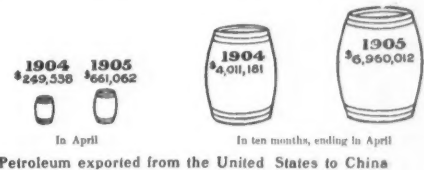
This legislation ended most of the abuses against which the upholders of the exclusion law had contended. By the successive acts the handling of the Chinese seeking admission had become committed almost exclusively to administrative officers. The grounds on which a landing could be sought by the habeas corpus route had been so cut away by the successive enactments that the courts found little opportunity to interfere. The appeal from the decision of local officials lay to the Commissioner of Immigration, and his decision became usually final. Furthermore, the bold and hostile judges who had made sport of the original restriction acts were dead, and their successors were men in sympathy with the law. Therefore few appeals are carried to the court from the decision of the immigration officers, and when they are brought before the courts the decisions are uniformly upheld.

#### Recent Legislation

China, however, was not satisfied with this final legislation, and in 1894 sought a modification of the restrictions that had been thrown about the movements of her subjects. A treaty was framed permitting a Chinese having wife, child, or parent in the United States, or owning property to the amount of \$1,000, or having solvent credits to the same amount, to take out a certificate, giving him the privilege of return within one year after leaving the United States. This treaty was made for the period of ten years, and at the end of that time China signified her wish to abrogate it.

In 1902 the Geary Act expired by limitation, and was re-enacted with a few additional provisions to strengthen its administrative features. It extended the restrictions of the law to the island possessions of the United States, required the Chinese in the Philippines to register, and provided that the island Chinese should not be permitted to come to the mainland. Then, in 1904, when China denounced the treaty, it became necessary to re-enact all prior legislation, and this was done without change. Here the legislative history ends, with China seeking a new treaty that shall reopen the doors to her people.

If the Chinese stand firm in their reported resolve to forego the advantage of buying the goods they want in



the cheapest market, and shall decline to sell their products to Americans, no part of the United States will regret their policy more than the Pacific Slope. We are counting on the development of Oriental commerce as one of the chief elements in the future growth of our cities and the establishment of our manufactures. But if we must choose between the loss of this valuable trade and the surrender of white to yellow civilization in the Western seaboard States, we will relinquish the trade rather than sacrifice the ultimate interests of our land and our race.

## A TESTIMONIAL : By WALLACE IRWIN



I THOUGHT that my health was as good as the next,  
But learned it was terribly bad;  
For I found, after reading the newspaper text  
Of a loud patent-medicine ad.  
That mushrooms were growing all over my liver,  
That something was loose in my heart,  
That due to my spleen all my nerves had turned green  
And my lungs were not doing their part.  
I wrote Dr. Sharko and got as an answer,  
"The wart on your thumb is incipient cancer."

I've taken Ze-ru-na for forty-nine days,  
And Scamp Bark, my symptoms to gag;  
And isn't it queer—all my pains disappear  
When the medicine gives me a jag!  
A "lovely sensation" I get from them all  
Which banishes carking annoy,  
So gayly I drink 'em—and Lydia Pinkum  
Has added her quota of joy.  
And I've sent Dr. Bogie a neat little sum  
For "radium tests" on the wart on my thumb.

When Baby is restless a bottle I keep  
Of Ma Winslow's Syrup. It takes  
A spoonful of poison to put him to sleep  
And another one when he awakes;  
He lies in a paralyzed, hypnotized state,  
So calm you can see at a glance



That the dear little chick sleeps as sound as a brick  
When he's neatly laid out in a trance;  
And I'm sure every Mother could learn, if she would,  
The knock-out-drop method to keep Baby good.

While reading bright essays on "wonderful cures"  
In decent newspapers each day  
I see all the symptoms our tired flesh endures  
And fly to my drugs in dismay.  
I've Snidrozone, Fakeozone stocked on my shelf  
With Horner's Safe Waters of Life:  
I'm taking three-fourths of the tippie myself  
And giving the rest to my Wife—  
And if there is anything left after that  
I give it to Admiral Togo, the cat.

So this Testimonial I would indorse  
To give all Poor Sufferers hope.  
Much pain I've endured, but I'm "Positive Cured"—  
So long as I'm taking the dope.  
The baby has spasms, my Wife's throwing fits,  
And I'm feeling fuzzy and bad—  
For I feel we've amassed all the symptoms  
at last  
Which you read in the medicine ad.  
The Ready-made Cure and the Angels who make it  
Thus comfort and bless the poor Devils who take it!

# SUMMER

By E. S. MARTIN

WITH PICTURES BY H. B. EDDY



The city's limitations

menclature the writer found an indication of a society that in the midst of wealth is seeking simplicity.

Yes, we are getting back to nature. Nature is a good thing, and more generally appreciated than it was, and there are many Americans nowadays who can afford to cultivate it. That is nature, roughly speaking, which Mr. Parrish has depicted on the cover of this paper. And the favorite contemporary way of getting back to it is disclosed by Mr. Clark in the double-page drawing. You must not laugh. It is true. Witness Rudyard Kipling, who has got back to more deeply rural British nature since motor cars came than his pet torpedo-boats would have shown him in a thousand years.

## A Misconception About the Season

And the favorite time for getting back to nature is summer. There is a delusion prevalent among city people that summer is the season of leisure. The very strength and wide diffusion of that idea bears interesting evidence of the big place the cities and their denizens have made for themselves in our day. To be sure, the yachts go into commission in summer; it is vacation time in the schools (except in the summer schools), and for some of the lawyers, judges, doctors, and preachers. A vast number of American women and children and some men go to Europe, and in the course of the season more of the men follow them. The people in the cities whose vocations do not compel them to stay there, and who can afford to get out, do get out for longer or shorter intervals and hie them to the seashore, the mountains, the lakes, or the plain country. Organized efforts are made to get as many as possible of the city children out of town, and many (but not enough) fresh-air funds are gathered to that beneficent end. Beyond doubt, there is a decided suggestion of spare time and mental enlargement about summer, but, after all, it is in the summer half of the year that most of the work is done. All the crops are raised in summer; most of the building is done; most of the factories run; the railroads are busy; all the villages that take in summer boarders work overtime in August. Things hum all summer long. Even the cities which the society pages of the newspapers speak of as "deserted" retain four-fifths of their people, and keep most of them very busy indeed. A very large majority of the wage-earners of the world work hard all summer long. But there is this to be said, that at least one-third of all the living people are below the wage-earning age, and another third are supplementary or indirect wage-earners, not immediate ones, and are not tied to office hours or factory hours. And, besides, the summer days are long, and the habit of shutting down on Saturday afternoon, which is getting so strong a hold on the cities, has some hold on the villages too. Anyhow, for one reason or another, good or bad, the ideal of summer is that it is the do-nothing season, when wise people rest all they can, and no one works any harder than he must.

## Summer is for the Young

I take it that our deepest impressions are those formed in youth, and that this one of summer as leisure time is one of them. It makes a great deal of difference in our world whether school keeps or not. By all odds, our biggest and most important American leisure class is made up of persons in the educational stage of life who are temporarily released from the institutions they attend. The first claim on summer belongs to lovers. The next to college persons and schoolgirls and schoolboys, most of whom will be lovers presently, and who find summer a convenient time in which to get acquainted. The rest of summer belongs to the grown-ups, who are entitled to collect such dues as they are able, but the chief summer use of the grown-ups seems to be in making the season profitable to the young. To make existence profitable for the young is about all there is in life for grown-ups anyway. It seems to be the chief thing they are here for. It may sound like servitude, and in some cases, no doubt, it is galling, but nothing ails servitude as a manner of spending one's life provided it is the right kind. This servitude to the rising generation suits most of the adults. I notice that those of them who work hardest and most successfully at it seem to be having the most fun, and that those who lack young people to plan for and slave for take such pleasures as they can find somewhat heavily. In this matter of getting back to nature in the summer, observe that the young are

much better at it than the adults who have been trained long and painfully to "usefulness." Mr. Parrish's hero on the cover, who has got back with so much certainty, is young, you will notice, and not a bit useful. He never did a chore, never will; never folded up his clothes, never opened a book, never was end rush nor caught behind the bat. No business man would employ him. He is the ideal summer person. Any grown-up who is going to compete with him must do it by proxy.

## The Undress of Summertime

There is where the rising generation comes in. A contemporary boy in his school vacation has to wear some clothes, and in other details shows the effects of civilization. He can never attain to quite the degree of rational emancipation of the boy on the cover, but he can come near enough to it to surprise you—yes, and gratify you very much. He can be so useless so long, not only without crabbedness or complaint, but with continuous good humor and enjoyment. His clothes are very slight hindrance to complete joy, for when it is hot he wears very few. Trowers—apt to be duck; a shirt with the sleeves rolled up, open in the neck and the collar-band turned in; shoes, abbreviated stockings, and something to hold them up, and nothing else worth mentioning—except, oh, yes, at times, a hatband.

I had almost forgotten the colored hatbands, and they are one of the contemporary summer time's most significant adornments. Thirty years ago, I remember, the college oarsmen and baseball players used to wear them. Very gradually it penetrated the busy mind of man that a wider use of them was desirable, and now they brilliantly supplement and differentiate the mission of the straw hat. The straw hat only proclaims the season. The hatband goes into human details. It says, according to its hues and their arrangement, "I am of St. Nicodemus's School," "I am of such a group in Newbridge College," "I am of the Extenteh Regiment," and so on, and so on, until the observer who is wise in hatbands, as he walks abroad in a great town or wherever the summer youth congregate, is constantly receiving visual information about his younger fellows whom he meets. There is a large assortment of hatbands that mean something in particular, and a vast number besides that don't, but they all have a joyous influence, and they all greet the summer when it comes and mark its progress by their fading.

## Hatbands and Colored Shirts

I like the hatbands. If they tell a little story and help one to identify his fellows, so much the better. We don't know enough about one another, and miss many pleasant exchanges by mere lack of timely information. If all people were tagged with cards of brief description it would be a high convenience to many others besides the police.

Hatbands and colored shirts are a sign of an awakened propensity in males to share in that adornment of the summer which has so long been prosecuted with recognized success by women. No single feature of



Hatless and collarless young persons

summer is appreciated with so much enthusiasm as the girls' clothes. It is understood that good winter clothes involve rather serious expenditure, but the number of girls and women who manage to look charming in summer dresses is so much greater than

could be the number who are rich, that the conclusion is forced that summer raiment may be inexpensive and still pretty.

As I was saying, the only way that trained and civilized grown-up people may hope to get back to nature, and that perfect effortless receptiveness that is ideally suitable to the summer season, is by using the still imperfectly perverted young as their proxies. And the young lend themselves very liberally to that use, and co-operate in their elders' efforts, letting the elders work, and demonstrating by enjoyment that their labor is not in vain. One thing that summer-worshipping elders who have the necessary apparatus do is to get up house-parties for their young. Nothing brings the summer season home to elders with greater penetration and makes them feel nearer to nature than house parties.

## Recipe for a House-party

To make one is simple. You take some houses (furnished), a little land, some water if procurable, food, drink, a few horses, motor-cars, and sailboats, according to taste or income, add from six to a dozen young persons of assorted genders, stir with a thermometer, and go and sit in a cool place. The house-party does all the rest; plays tennis or golf, drives, motes, goes swimming, has picnics, sleeps, is regular at meals and animated in discourse. At least, it should be animated in discourse. If it isn't, you've made a mistake somewhere. But almost always it is, and in return for your work in keeping the machinery running, you have wonderful opportunities for improving and rejuvenating observation. You hear also some of the newest terms of speech and some of the new songs. And you get back to nature in one of its most edifying phases, for have we not the testimony of ancient philosophers that there is nothing in nature more interesting than the way of a man with a maid unless it is the way of a maid with a man.

As for the grown-people who try to get the flavor of summer, not by proxy, but at first hand, they do various things. A lot of them go to Europe. What they do there I do not know, nor has it ever been satisfactorily expounded to me. It has ceased to be good form for Americans to dwell on the details of their experiences in Europe. When I was there it was fall and not much doing. Yet it was pleasant. I dare say it is pleasant in summer, else folks would not straggle over there in such droves as they do, making American house-parties at all the hotels.

Some grown-up people live on yachts in summer. The sea is a part of nature and undoubtedly worth getting back to, though there is force in Conrad's criticism of yachting as being only an amusement of life, whereas the merchant service, he says, is life itself. The strong bond of the sea, the fellowship of the craft, does not exist, he says, between yachtsmen as it does between men who seriously follow the sea for a living.

Still, yachting is delightful when the market has gone your way, and if you can get back to nature in a motor car you can in a yacht.

## A Garden is Better than a Yacht

Yachts, though, are not for the many. You get a great deal more of nature for your money in a garden. It needn't be a great garden either, but it had better be the same one every summer. You make gardens grow by sticking to them, and poking things into the ground in successive years. Next to a child or a young person a garden is the most helpful summer property, and folks of thrift in ordinary circumstances ought to have both.

Many people see more in gardens that is worth seeing than most people see on yachts. I have known cases where gardens ministered more effectively to some people's civilization than Europe did to others. The things about civilization that people can spend a summer in Europe without finding out would fill books.

About a century ago there was a year hereabouts that was known as the year without a summer. In that year snow fell in every month. The people didn't like it.

Summer is popular, deservedly, I think, though reviled at times when it is too hot.



Hot-weather tonics



## Kuropatkin's Own Story

By FREDERICK PALMER

Collier's War Correspondent with the Japanese Army in Manchuria

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HEADQUARTERS FIRST JAPANESE ARMY, May 23

THE highest praise that Kuropatkin has received comes from the Japanese. It expressed itself in their obvious delight when they heard the name of his successor. The old Russian commander had a strong hold upon the sympathies of the Japanese people, because he was reputed to be opposed to the war; upon the Japanese staff, because no one could appreciate as well as these past masters of the profession of arms the full meaning of his handicaps. Their army was made; his army he had to make in the field. Against what is perhaps the most thoroughly prepared force for its object in history was a force of incongruous parts whose organizer never enjoyed undisturbed authority in the execution of his plans.

It has been said that Kuropatkin was a schoolmaster and not a field general. That may be. It was his misfortune that he had to teach his troops in face of the enemy the things which those who would win in war against a trained foe must learn in peace. Since his downfall we have had documentary proof of the pedagogic phase of his work from his own hand, which is in a sense pathetic in its recognition of the shortcomings of his own troops and the efficiency of the Japanese.

Before the battle of Liao-Yang it seems that he issued the first of a series of letters to "Officers Above the Rank of Company Commanders," with a view to correcting their errors. Two of these were picked up on the field of Mukden. The first more particularly dwells on Japanese methods of fighting, while the second, with its ten articles, consists more of definite instructions. Reading them together, one has a series of texts which helps to explain the wonders which the Japanese army has accomplished.

"The Japanese never follow the valley," he tells us under the head of "Hill Fighting." "but with a narrow front they approach over the hills, and, if possible, turn our flank. This is good practice in Manchuria, where the trend of the hills is this way and that. If they find that the line of their advance is cut, or that they have to cross a river, a creek, or a valley, they stop and wait for the coming of night. They are very quick and skilful in the use of mountain guns which accompany their infantry and most unexpectedly appear on our flank. On extraordinary occasions they even appear on our firing line."

I think that I know of at least one of these "extraordinary occasions." For hours one day I watched a mountain battery which was in hiding on a ridge quite in line with the Russians, who were waiting on our infantry to make its dispositions for attack. Just before we charged the battery received its cue and raked the whole length of the Russian trench.

### These Japs have a Way of Fooling the Russians

Of the work of his adversaries on the plain Kuropatkin says: "Whenever there are heights the Japanese try to occupy these or any other strategic points one by one. In order to deceive us as to the object of their attack, they make demonstrations at other points with many guns and few troops. Sometimes this demonstration will continue for days and nights before they come up to their objective with their main force. Usually they attack in the night. If they gain the position, daybreak finds them entrenched."

By such feints and their diabolical rushes in the night the Japanese expected to take Port Arthur in August. They did get 203-Metre Hill, as we now know, and their failure to hold it meant four months more of terrible work. The strategy involved is essentially that of the pitcher making a pretence of throwing to one base and then throwing to another. Not upon the idea, but upon its execution depends success. The Japanese infantry in hiding in gullies, cornfields, and villages never betrays its position. The action of the guns and infantry who play the deceivers to the right and the left is earnest to the point of making heavy sacrifices if need be. That is in the nature of Japanese thoroughness.

"When the Japanese fight in the daytime they try to hide their combatants, and their collective bodies never appear within range of the Russians," is another statement from the General of what was supposed to be one of the best grounded of all armies in its drill-books. If there is any one thing, of course, which infantry is supposed to avoid, it is being caught in close order under fire. But the Russians have often had this misfortune and the teacher is thorough in his primer lesson.

"During the advance," he goes on to say, "troops appear here and there with big distances between them, and gradually others appear behind them until they have collected a whole line. But if a Russian shell falls between them they quickly scatter. At the village of Shan-lan-zu, on October 16"—which was in the battle of the Sha—"two or three battalions appeared and shrapnel made them instantly disappear. Then they came up in squads of three and five, and dashing into the *kowliang* (millet which is like field corn and grows to a height of from eight to ten feet) each made a bundle and then ran toward the Russians. Sometimes they seemed to be running very rapidly, and again they seemed to be taking their time, always fifty or sixty steps apart. At first, we thought that they were trying to hide themselves with the *kowliang*. Later, we found, when they stopped, that they were using the bundles as screens for making ditches. Eventually these ditches were connected into a trench which a body of troops occupied with a rush. In this way an advance of about eight hundred yards was secured.

### Questionable Expedient of a Russian Commander

"When the Japanese advance, a company or sub-company begins development from either wing, and, thus disconnected, they come on in curves. Each unit carries a sun-flag in order to show its position to the gunners. On October 14 they attacked a redoubt occupied by the Thirty-fourth Sevsky Regiment. When the regimental commander held up a Japanese flag the bombardment ceased," which is an edifying confession for Kuropatkin to make.

"On October 17, the Thirty-sixth Hirovsky Regiment saw a very thin skirmish line approaching. It came on the run, and instantly the men lay down they began intrenching. When we directed a heavy fire upon them they did not seem to mind at all. Directly they appeared to be dissatisfied with the result of their work, for they made another advance and a second time began intrenching. But before this trench was completed they advanced once more and began digging again. Then a second line, also coming on by stages, completed the work which they first had begun, while a third line had complete protection for its halts between rushes. The Thirty-sixth Regiment observed this work very minutely. The Japanese were most orderly; in fact, they did not seem to pay any attention to the Russian fire at all."

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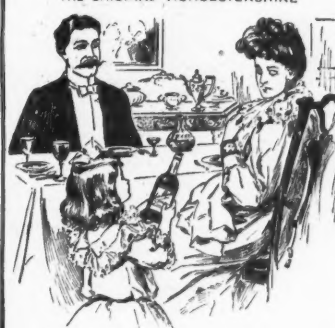
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## KUROPATKIN'S OWN STORY

(Continued from page 19)

Against such calmness and cunning and sagacity the Russians brought at Liao-Yang and the Sha old-fashioned shock tactics, coming on with a hurrah and the bands playing. The first article of Kuropatkin's second letter deals with this.

"Every possible measure," he says in these general instructions, "must be taken to expose as small a target as possible to the enemy's fire, especially when we are attacking in the open. Ditches, villages, graves, heaps of earth, undulations in the ground must all be used for cover and protection. The advance must be made one by one, or in groups, thus gradually forming the line. I am especially solicitous lest, now that we have the full number for a war footing in our organizations, the advance will be made, as hitherto, in thick lines of skirmishers, and also lest the second line may get too near to the first line, and, at the same time, in too close order."

Returning to his first letter, we receive from him another tribute to Japanese thoroughness in reconnaissance before an attack:

### Reckless Japanese Methods of Scouting

"At Chan-lin-si, on October 13, we had a good opportunity to observe the methods of twenty or thirty Japanese infantry scouts. One of these, throwing aside his rifle, crept quite close to the Russian trenches and then lifted up his head and began to look around. At the same time three or four of his comrades to the rear rose up and fired at our trenches, and then promptly hid. Their object evidently was to draw attention away from the man in front. This movement was continued for seven hours."

Under the head of "Defence" there is little for Kuropatkin to say, as the Japanese have so seldom been placed in that position. He refers to a "special method," which one is slow to credit.

"Against counter-attacks the Japanese line sometimes divides in two parts, which take a position to the right and the left, or the line moves as a whole to one side or the other—while a second line rushes from the rear into the place the first line originally occupied. In this way they try to deliver a cross fire. On other occasions the advanced Japanese line has retreated some distance and taken cover in a rut or a concealed trench. When the Russians were following up their advantage the Japanese sprang out of the ground and caught them by surprise in an unfavorable position."

Whether or not such tactics are regulation with the Japanese I am unable to ascertain. Their practice requires the very perfection of discipline and soldierly intelligence. It must be borne in mind that the General's informants got their information in a crisis too complex and exciting to permit of clear observation. However, the fact that Russian officers should have gained such impressions is only further testimony to Japanese coolness and strategic cunning in the most trying situations, which indicates the immensity of the task, could Russia ever collect an outnumbering army, of driving the Japanese back over the territory which they have occupied.

Kuropatkin joins with all other observers in the praise of the admirable handling of their inferior guns by the Japanese artillery.

"The Japanese guns," he says, "rarely begin firing before ours. Their infantry advance and compel our guns to disclose their positions. Their own positions, based on careful reconnaissance, are made during the night and screened by some artificial cover. They first fire at our artillery positions, then at our reserves, and finally endeavor to interrupt our ammunition supply. When our guns subject them to heavy fire they take cover, but begin firing again at the first opportunity. The Japanese must have most precise maps, for they hit the mark with the first shot."

No, the only maps which the Japanese had of Manchuria were those made during the Chino-Japanese war, which were far from complete. The maps which they have used have been invariably the captured copies of those made by the Russian engineers before the war. But, apparently, they have used them with more intelligence than the Russians themselves.

"The acknowledged superiority of ours to the enemy's artillery must be used intelligently," Kuropatkin tells his own gunners. "We should always aim to have a wide angle of fire. Economize ammunition wherever possible, always bearing in mind the difficulty of bringing it ten thousand versts."

And from our side we have seen them waste it as if it were confetti at a fête. He tells them how they have wasted it. "The concentration of fire upon one point of the enemy's position is allowable only when we are going to make a real attack following the bombardment. Demonstration by bombardment is of little use, as the enemy is quick to grasp the fact that it is only a demonstration. The object of artillery fire is to silence the enemy's guns; but with the gunners in covered positions, as they are these days, the cessation of fire from the enemy's guns does not indicate that they are silenced. Moreover, their gunners have such protection that our shrapnel inflict but few casualties. If you can see the enemy's troops and guns clearly from your point of observation, then you need not economize ammunition."

### Good Advice that is Seldom Followed

This showed that Kuropatkin himself at least realized how often his gunners by using indirect fire had thrown away their shrapnel with only a fancied target under its burst.

He tells his infantry that whatever is once determined upon must be carried out at any cost. Even if they have used all their reserves, still they must not yield. "Bear in mind," he says, "that the enemy is probably in as sore straits as you." There, indeed, he laid his finger on the greatest point of Russian weakness in the earlier battles. When the Japanese was hard hit he pressed on; when the Russian was hard hit he concluded that it was time to yield. Kuropatkin remarks how subsidiary commanders, falling back of their own initiative, have interfered frequently with his plans.

"I again urge the necessity of the co-operation of the different commanders if we are to gain victory," he pleads.

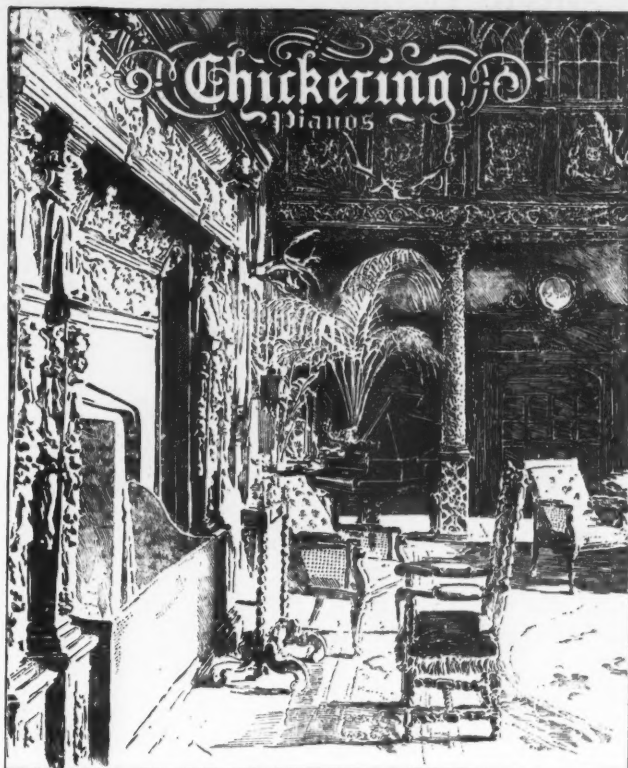
When he indicated how thoroughly the Japanese make a demonstration in order to conceal the object of their attack, he forecast the strategy of the battle of Mukden, to which the teacher himself fell a victim. In the quotation that follows he forecasts the very tactics which permitted the successful application of the strategy:

"Past experience shows that the Japanese use almost all of their men on the line of battle, and that they attach little importance to large reserves either of infantry or artillery." (In another place he reminds his commanders that they have invariably kept too large a reserve of artillery at the rear, which resulted in its serving no purpose in the action.) "Such generalship means intensity of fire from the beginning, and makes an enveloping movement the easier. But as the Japanese lack reserves we have only to keep our own reserves intact to the end in order to win. We must use our reserves when we make a severe attack or when we deliver a counter-attack."

He did keep his reserves intact at Mukden, but, deceived as to the Japanese objective, he marched them away to the left at the time when their need at the right was about to become critical.

Finally, he has a word to say about cavalry:

"Our cavalry is superior in quality as well as more numerous than the enemy's. We must make the most of this advantage in the coming battle. The cavalry, of course, must co-operate with the other branches. Attacking the enemy's rear is best only when we have gained the victory. Army corps



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## KUROPATKIN'S OWN STORY

(Continued from page 21)

cavalry should be employed in fighting as a part of the army corps rather than as relay posts or as personal guards of commanders. Army cavalry should receive certain definite orders in every battle according to the circumstances. Thus far the enemy's seventy squadrons have suffered little loss. An important duty of cavalry is to destroy the enemy's cavalry. We must be able to fight on horseback."

Need one say more than that the Russian cavalry played no part in the battle of Mukden. The fierce Cossack of fiction has to be admonished after the war is a year old that his rôle is that of a fighting man rather than that of a playful horseman.

In these letters to his officers we can sketch the character of Kuropatkin and the strain of this terrible year through which he has passed with his head to the grindstone. The first was not issued until the war had been four months in progress by land. It is easy to comprehend how he, himself, was under the illusion of the oft-vaunted power of Russian legions once he had gathered them in force. Failure brought its excuse, as it always does to the easy-going. Outwitted in the hills, they assured themselves that they would make short work of the little Japanese on the plain, where their infantry, and particularly their cavalry, had always been at home. When they fell back from Liao-Yang they said that it was the fault of the *kowliang*, then at its height just before harvest time, which had screened the enemy's approach. Overcome at the Sha, after the *kowliang* was cut, they said that the Japanese could not stand cold weather. Winter spelled for them the repulse at Heikou-tai and the disaster at Mukden. But long before this it was borne in upon Kuropatkin that the army was a shell of great pretence—long serving well on the diplomatic stage of Europe—without the bowels of efficiency. He saw that his officers were not grounded in the very rudiments of their profession. Then he set out to make Manchuria a schoolroom for cadets.

### Telling Officers Things They All Ought to Know

These letters say nothing which ought not to be by training second nature to those to whom they are addressed. If they mean more to any officer of any army who reads them, then he is incompetent, and one day he may prove unworthy of his country's trust, of which war is the sudden, awful, and fatal test. The meaning of these instructions is the same as if the head of a bank should issue a letter to his staff to the effect that they should mind the importance of correct change, of correct additions of columns of figures, of regard for the rate of exchange when making transactions with foreign countries, of closing and locking the doors of the vaults at night. When the time of a commanding general—he who must literally think big and keep his balance, leaving detail to his chief of staff—must be taken up with pedagogic work, it is not surprising that he should lose his perspective. Kuropatkin's knowledge of the great academic principles of war is too well known to admit of doubt; yet he disobeyed them in battle. Let us say out of all charity, owing to that lack of confidence in his units which would permit him to leave little to others, he did improve his army continually; but the rate of improvement was scarcely more rapid than that of the Japanese—with a long start to begin with—where officers and soldiers, ingrained with all the rudiments acquirable in peace, learned rapidly for themselves and had, besides, that ever-increasing confidence which is an invaluable asset.

Between Kuropatkin's lines you can read the attitude of the General and an army which have lost their sense of the offensive. Though he speaks of attack, though he realizes the military axiom which teaches him that a defensive line can only be maintained by the diversion of offensive actions, nevertheless the very soul of his thought is defensive. When he closes his instructions with the remark that indefatigable obedience to them will meet the expectations of their "Great Commander, the Emperor," and bring victory, you feel that it is a stereotyped conclusion—a very truly yours—without heart in the statement. There is that evidence of stubborn resistance to the inevitable to be expected of an army with all its glories in the past, like that of Spain, instead of the army of a people whose power has impressed the world as putative, a power looking forward to a vigorous and expanding future.

If a historical comparison for Kuropatkin (where big armies were concerned) were sought, I should choose McClellan, the organizer of the Union Army in '61 and '62. He, too, could not think of the offensive, and in common with Kuropatkin a well-conducted retreat had the same fascination to his academic mind as a victory and a masterful retreat—the meaning to his country being, however, somewhat different. Only the rare example of a character like Wellington can enter fully into the spirit of either. But I make this qualification, which is in Kuropatkin's favor, that McClellan faced an army as unprepared and training as lightly as his. And if I were to continue the comparison I should say that Linevitch, the blustering old Cossack General, is a Pope or a Hooker. The Grant can come only in that speculative eventuality of a real revolution in Russia which might make this a people's war for a people's prestige. We know what France with her soul in her blade, as that of Japan is in hers to-day, did on her frontiers while there was chaos in Paris.

□ □ □ □

## SONNET

By GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

My path was through a languid, flowery place  
Oppressed with vaporous dreams (but serpents crept,  
Wakeful and evil, while the dreamers slept,  
And tireless worms had robbed the rose of grace).  
I sought its northern wall with quickened pace,  
Fled through a little sullen gate, which kept,  
Lockless, the mountain way, where cool winds swept,  
Clearing the drowsy fever from my face.

But when the stagnant valley lay below—

"Oh, wise, to shun false dreams!" shrill at my ear  
The barren wind—"There's no illusion here;  
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"Not even blighted flowers? I will go back."  
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Guy Vaughn, June 24, 1905, at Empire City Track with 40 h. p. Decauville. Time 23:33:20

This solitary record by any car would be sensational. But having been made by "That Decauville Car," and by the identical Decauville which has been in constant use for four years, breaking records for speed, endurance, and reliability, it is summed up in one word — "Consistency."

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- 1902—World's record (They mile in 48 2-5 seconds).
- 1902—Paris-Vienna—Seven Decauvilles finished out of eight entered.
- 1903—Paris-Madrid—Page started 207th, finished 9th, 3d in class.
- 1903—In America captured twelve Silver Cups, 15-mile track record.
- 1904—Won many events on the track, besides being used as a runabout.
- 1905—At Ormond, Fla., January 25—One mile in 45 2-5 seconds.
- 1905—At Ormond, Fla., January 25—Five miles in 4 minutes 32 2-5 seconds.
- 1905—At Brighton Beach, May 6—Won two cups.
- 1905—At Morris Park, May 20—Won special match race.
- 1905—Empire Track, May 30—Won Diamond Cup.
- 1905—Morris Park, June 10—Won New York Cup.

This unparalleled record is no accident, but the direct result of superior engineering and mechanical merit. It is

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(Discussion is rife as to the proper pronunciation of this car. Owners pronounce it *De-pend-a-ble*)

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